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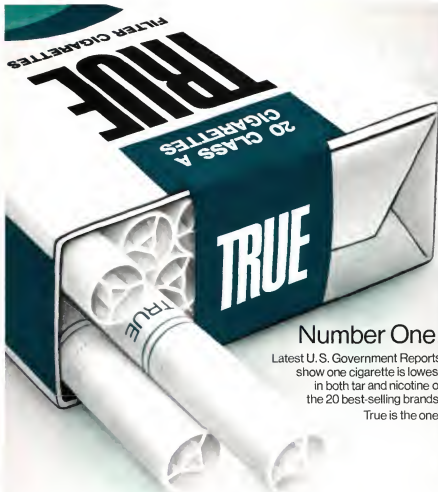
SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR



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The Next Issue

(dated Jan. 8, 1973)

BOWL MADNESS will be more pronounced than ever, what with the shift of the Sugar to New Year's Eve. Dan Jenkins and Roy Blount Jr. cover all the games, from Rose to Fiesta.

THE SUPER TWO, the pitting for the Super Bowl, will be determined on the day the old year—and the season—fade away. Tex Maule and Ron Reed ring in the winners.

THE RALLY and the car were real enough but his dream about it all carried some vague warning of a disaster still to come. Novelist-Historian John Henry tells the story.

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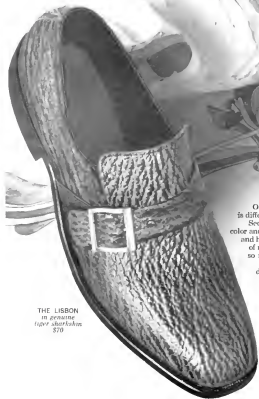
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE BOWIE-MARVIN SHOW

It is possible, even probable, that one or both sides in baseball's labor dispute broke faith in making public the details of their disagreement. It is arguable that one side is absolutely in the wrong and the other just as much in the right, and an impartial study of all the facts might prove this to be so. Nonetheless, both sides should understand something else: the petty dispute about manners and the major dispute about the contract are not entertaining. Bowie Kuhn and Marvin Miller may think of themselves as leading characters in a fascinating human drama, but they are wrong. They are discussing business and, however vital business is, it is dull to a fan seeking fun and entertainment.

It would be so much more sensible if the gentlemen would knock it off and stay in their secluded conference room until things are settled, quietly and quickly. Two months from now, when spring training gets under way, the followers of their once-preeminent sport will want to read about such pleasant trifles as promising rookies and optimistic hopes for a pennant, not about protracted negotiations, generous concessions and broken promises.

Merry Christmas, fellows. And a merry spring, too.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Chief Justice Warren Burger handed down an out-of-court decision last week that has cigar and pipe smokers clamoring for an appeal. The Chief Justice wrote a vigorous letter of protest to Secretary of Transportation John Volpe about the cigar and pipe smoke he encountered during a train trip he made between Washington and New York on the Metroliner. Volpe hoped to, and before you could cry "Oyez, Oyez," the smoking of cigars and pipes in Metroliner club cars was banned. But not cigarettes, which raises all sorts of Constitutional and sporting questions. There are more cigarette smokers than cigar

and pipe smokers, true, but is it fair that the majority be allowed to spread its smoke while the minority is summarily squelched? You might argue that cigarette smoke is less offensive than cigar and pipe smoke. Not to cigar and pipe smokers, it isn't. The ban is potentially a discriminatory one.

Moreover, it strikes a blow at certain smoking traditions in sport. Take, for only one instance, the Boston Celtics' Red Auerbach. Auerbach is famous for his cigars. They are his trademark. Now, when he travels on the Metroliner with his Celtics, must he be banished to a distant men's room while cigarette smokers who never won nine NBA championships in 10 seasons blow rings around Chief Justices?

AS SHE IS SPOKE

During the American League pennant playoff last fall Gonzalo Marquez of the Oakland Athletics produced a game-winning hit. Because Marquez is from Venezuela and his command of English uncertain, the bilingual Bert Campaneris was pressed into service as interpreter. "Campy, ask him how many pitches he fouled off before he got his hit," a reporter said.

Campaneris turned to Marquez and put the question to him in Spanish. In English, Marquez replied, "I think I heet it o sees."

Campaneris turned to the reporter and said, "He say he theenk he heet it o sees."

COLOR PHASE

The latest fashion in professional sports commissioners seems to be lawyers—baseball's Bowie Kuhn, the American Basketball Association's Robert Carlson—which makes last week's restructuring of the National Basketball Association's league office all the more interesting. One of three vice-presidents named to assist Commissioner Walter Kennedy is Simon Gourdine, who has been the NBA's in-house counsel for

the last 2½ years. In that short period of time Gourdine has made a solid impression, as his advancement attests. Commissioner Kennedy has only three seasons left on his con tract, after which he is likely to retire. Gourdine now looms as heir apparent. He is only 32, but then Pete Rozelle was only 33 when he took over the National Football League. Noteworthy, too, is that Gourdine is black, which means basketball may well have a black commissioner before baseball has a black manager or pro football a black head coach.

VRROOM WITH A VIEW

It is generally assumed in motor sports circles that the lovely Formula 1 cars used in Grand Prix racing could spin circles around our Indianapolis-type racing machines. But Dan Gurney, who has been both Indy and Grand Prix driver, feels that things have changed, and he wants to prove it.

Since Gurney left the cockpits, he has been building cars, and doing well. The Gurney American Eagle has become the Establishment chassis. He has sold 22 of them this year and perhaps half the



starting field at Indy next May will be Gurney-built racers.

"Indy cars were once written off as tanks built only to turn left," Gurney says. "Grand Prix cars are built for twisty circuits. But now our cars, while still strong, are fully maneuverable. Maybe it's time to settle the old dispute about which type is better."

A showdown at Indianapolis would not be fair, since a Formula 1 racer with its 450-475 hp could not come within

continued

25 mph of an 850-hp turbocharged Indy car. Gurney is willing to have the show-down on Grand Prix turf, specifically the tricky Nürburgring circuit in Germany. Let someone put up a purse, and let winner take all.

It's a classic slugger vs. boxer match. Both types are about the same length and width and height, but Formula I cars weigh only 1,275 pounds to 1,575 for the Indy type. The Formula I has a five-speed gearbox and can shift like lightning, but then there is that big Indy engine with its awesome turbocharger.

The format for the match would be like a qualifying run—a few warmup laps and then one all-out tour of the circuit for time. Naturally, the Indy car will murder the Formula I on the straightaways and, naturally, be murdered on the turns.

Gurney's challenge has excited widespread interest. Several motor sports figures and an Italian magazine have said they might sponsor the match, and the figure of \$100,000 is being bandied about. Gurney has thrown down the driving glove. Gentlemen, start your betting.

EDIFICE COMPLEX

The Kansas City Chiefs won only three of the seven NFL games they played this season in their elegant new playpen, Arrowhead Stadium, and a San Diego psychiatrist suggested that the new stadium may be a symptom of the team's decline. Dr. Arnold Mandell, head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego and a football nut, offered his theory as an aspect of the "sociology of institutions." He said, "When an idea or a movement finds realization in a building, its vision is decreased. There are a lot of examples. Scientific institutions, research laboratories, religious movements. Now, maybe football teams." The argument is that the thrust of energy that went into the development of the thing itself is subconsciously diverted into the monumental edifice that houses it.

The Chiefs don't think much of the Mandellian theory. Coach Hank Stram said, "I don't think you can blame the decline on anything other than the way we play." Linebacker Willie Lanier said, "When football gets to the point that you have to think about the psychology of going into a new building, it's really going to be a headache. We've got enough to think about, trying to move

the ball and stopping the other side."

Harland Stare, coach of the San Diego Chargers, who beat the Chiefs in Arrowhead, commented, "I was afraid the stadium might intimidate us. Everything else has—why not a stadium?"

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

The women's movement in sport received a big boost at the University of New Mexico, where the athletic council recommended that the budget for women's intercollegiate athletics be jumped from \$9,300 to \$35,000. The girls compete in basketball, field hockey, golf, gymnastics, swimming, tennis, track and field, wrestling and skiing. University President Ferrell Heady said, "That expenditure is justified. There is an inequity of proportion right now."

Finding the funds for the justified expenditure is another matter. The athletic council stipulated that if the money was not available elsewhere, it should be taken from the budget for the men's program—which is roughly \$1.5 million—although it should not come from small-budget sports. That leaves basketball, a moneymaker, and football, which is already running at a deficit.

President Heady, like his counterparts in the Western Athletic Conference, would like the NCAA to return to more economical one-platoon football, but that seems far off. In the meantime, the men are uneasy. Athletic Director Pete McDavid said, "I think it's fine, but I'm going to battle anything that will take money away from our own program." Football Coach Rudy Feldman said, "I'm all for supporting women's athletics, but there must be someplace to draw the line on fiscal responsibility."

Basketball Coach Norm Ellenberger was more philosophical. "I've had women dipping into my pocket ever since I learned about them on a farm in Indiana," he said, "so I'm not surprised. But I've always been in favor of women and we should do everything we can to keep them happy. Where the funds will come from is a mystery to me, but then it's always a problem to satisfy a woman's wants."

THEY SAID IT IN 1972

Here is a Christmas pudding of quotes culled from the more memorable comments that appeared in this space during the past 12 months:

• Mrs. Laura Quilich, hearing that her

son Frank had been made manager of the Minnesota Twins: "Oh, the poor kid."

• Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City University basketball coach, on football coaches apologizing for running up high scores: "I thought that's what they were supposed to do. When players shave points, they wind up in jail."

• Spiro Agnew, after he was grazed by a tennis ball hit by his partner in a doubles match: "They never tell about it when I get hit."

• Karl Schranz, Austrian skier who reputedly makes \$50,000 a year, on his disqualification from the Winter Olympics for commercialism: "I think the Olympics should be a contest for all sportsmen regardless of color, race or wealth."

• Father Daniel Berrigan, after serving a prison term for anti-war activity: "If the FBI went back far enough, I was always suspect. I never liked football."

• Colonel Edmund Edmondson, executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, on the rule allowing each player in the Fischer-Spassky matches three delays for illness: "Bobby Fischer's opponents usually get all."

• Jack Kent Cooke, on the disappointing crowds at games of his National Hockey League Los Angeles Kings: "There are 800,000 Canadians living in the Los Angeles area, and I've just learned why they left Canada. They hate hockey."

• Jerry Kramer, former Green Bay Packer: "The TV football widow complained to her husband, 'You love football more than me.' He said, 'Yes, but I love you more than basketball.'"

• Jerry McGee, pro golfer, on the cut-off figure for 1973 player exemptions: "It will take approximately \$41,394.11. But that's just approximately."

• Johnny Pearson, former NHL star, on the opening game 7-3 defeat of Team Canada by the Russians: "It's nice to be in on history, but I didn't think it would be Dankirk."

• Chris Evert, 17-year-old tennis star, asked if she was tired of all the emphasis on her youth: "It would be nice if some writer would get around to describing me as sexy."

• Dr. Karl Kapp, at a conference on the quality of life: "Had there been a computer in 1872, it would probably have predicted that by now there would be so many horse-drawn vehicles, it would be impossible to clear up all the manure."

END

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 26, 1975

OLD BRODIE WENT



WITCHER-WAY

A spectator most of the season, the 49ers' cool veteran throw for two last-quarter touchdowns that put San Francisco in the NFL playoffs

by **TEX MAULE**

John Brodie sat on an equipment trunk in the San Francisco 49er locker room last Friday and considered how he felt about having to sit on the bench the next day. He has been the 'Niners No. 1 quarterback for more than a decade, but since an ankle injury in October young Steve Spurrier had led the club—and led it back into contention.

"Would you like to play tomorrow against the Vikings?" Brodie was asked.

He took a sip of a soft drink and thought long before he answered. "No," said John Brodie at last.

He is an insouciant man, with a quirky sense of humor and a good, relaxed and happy face. But now Brodie was dead serious. "If I go in tomorrow," he said, "it will probably be because we are behind. I like to play, but I like to win more. Steve has been doing a good job, and I want to win."

As it turned out, San Francisco got behind, and Brodie did go in—and the team won because of that. It may be that John never played more masterfully in his life than he did in his brief but melodramatic appearance against Minnesota Saturday at Candlestick Park. He was not called into action until near the end of the third quarter, when San Francisco was almost finished. The 49ers were down 17-6, and though it did take Brodie a while to get untracked he brought San Francisco home, 20-17, with two late touchdown passes.

The exciting, if not so stylish, victory gave the 49ers the championship of the Western Division of the National Football Conference. They finished with a record of 8-5-1, the worst of any playoff team this year, but in the NFC West that was good enough to beat out Atlanta and Los Angeles, neither of which showed any taste for a stretch fight. Although San Francisco has the poorest record of any qualifier, league policy gives the 49ers the right to open the playoffs this Saturday at home. Their opponent will be Dallas, a team they whipped 31-10 on Thanksgiving Day.

continued

Dave Washington hangs onto Dick Witcher, who hangs onto the winning touchdown pass





Three of The Protectors—Rohde (78), Peoples (88), Banaszek (79)—block for Spurrier.

WITCHER-WAY *continued*

That was Spurrier's most glamorous performance, one he did not live up to against the Vikings Saturday. He made some egregious mistakes. For example, on one important play in the third quarter, given excellent protection, he took a full five seconds and then threw a long pass down the middle into the teeth of the Minnesota zone. This violated a cardinal rule: never throw late long down the middle against a zone, because all the deep coverage will congregate there. In this case three Vikings had a better shot at the ball than the intended receiver, Gene Washington. Paul Krause made the interception.

On another occasion Spurrier tried to force a pass into the same deep zone and had two Viking defenders bat it away. He was lucky that one was not picked off. In a shoddy first half, the 49ers gave the ball away four times. It took a series of small miracles by a superb San Francisco defense to keep the home team close—trailing 7-6 at halftime.

The Viking touchdown had come after one of San Francisco's seven turnovers (no playoff team in the league this year has made that many in a game and still won). The scoring play was an 18-yard pass from Fran Tarkenton to rookie Running Back Ed Murnan, who was wandering around in the San Francisco secondary as Tarkenton tried to avoid a thundering 49er rush. All San Francisco could then manage was two field goals by Bruce Gossett, one of them a last-minute Viking gift.

The 49ers, though unpredictable all

season, have tended to be effective in the second half—as they were in the big win at Dallas. But what hopes they had for their third straight Western title seemed to disappear in the third quarter, when the Vikings added 10 more points.

The touchdown that made the score 17-6 was a 31-yard pass from Tarkenton to John Gilliam. The Vikings had tested the San Francisco pass defense severely throughout the game. Tarkenton threw 18 times—often long—and while he completed 11, several of those were short passes that the 49ers allowed him when he needed considerable yardage. Two of his passes were intercepted, and four times he was dumped, for a total of 48 yards in losses. By contrast, Spurrier was only dropped twice, and Brodie not at all.

For the last three years the 49ers have been adept at keeping tacklers away from their passer, although this is partly because the passer for most of this time was Brodie. He has a quick set-up, a quick release and the ability to unload the ball into wide-open spaces when his receivers are covered. Spurrier, though he shows promise, cannot yet do all of those things with aplomb.

The San Francisco offensive line set a league record in 1970 when it kept Brodie on his feet and throwing all but eight times during the season. In 1971 it led the league in protecting the passer by saving Brodie all but 11 times. This year pass rushers have gotten to the San Francisco quarterbacks 22 times, but this is

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEA LEVINE

not due to any massive breakdown in the line. The difficulty is that Spurrier is a freer soul than Brodie.

As Cas Banaszek, the five-year pro who plays right offensive tackle, says, "Blocking for Brodie is easier than blocking for Spurrier. John is very consistent. He'll drop back nine yards, then step up two and throw the ball. Always. So I know where he's going to be and where I have to keep my man away from. Steve may move around a bit. If he drops deep and stays deep, the defensive end opposite me may take an outside rush and get around me, and Steve may be there and get tackled. John, though, would have moved up inside and could still have gotten the ball away."

Normally, corporate nicknames are fashionable only for defensive lines (Fearsome Foursome, Purple People Eaters), but in San Francisco it is the offensive line which enjoys that affectionate recognition: The Protectors. The 49er interior line has played together as a unit for three years. It is anchored by Forrest Blue, the incumbent All-Pro center. The guards are Randy Beisler and Woody Peoples, and the tackles are Banaszek and Len Rohde, who is in his 13th season and has now played in 180 straight games. Tight End Ted Kwalick, another All-Pro, is an associate member of The Protectors.

Coch Nick Nolan was a defensive back as a player, and then studied as an assistant coach under the Cowboys' Tom Landry, a renowned defensive scholar. Not surprisingly, Nolan devotes most of his time to the defense, leaving the prime offensive responsibility to an assistant, Jim Shofner. When Spurrier is the quarterback, Shofner sends in the plays (using messenger running backs, Larry Schreiber, Ken Willard and Jimmy Thomas). It is noteworthy that some other play-off teams do the same this season. Of the eight postseason qualifiers, three have starting quarterbacks who get their orders from the bench. Besides Spurrier, Craig Morton at Dallas and Scott Hunter at Green Bay always get their calls from the sidelines, and Cleveland's Mike Phipps has often suffered that assistance.

Brodie, who has been around for 16 years, has the honor of calling his own plays. But no matter who is making the 49er decisions, the crunch comes down

to The Protectors. To win the championship, they had to perform with some distinction against the Vikings' famous front four. The Minnesota defense was ranked tops in the conference, having allowed an average of only 255.2 yards per game. San Francisco gained 383 yards overall, including 154 on the ground, which is impressive since the 'Niners have no gang-busting runner and the Vikings have held other opponents with better backs to an average of 142.2 yards per game rushing.

Ultimately, it was the ability of The Protectors to keep Brodie safe down the stretch that made San Francisco a winner. To cite one case, although Carl Eller beat Banaszek on several occasions during the game, Banaszek handled him on the big plays that turned the contest around. "I'm glad I had to block Claude Humphrey last week," Banaszek said afterward, speaking of the All-Pro defensive end of the Atlanta Falcons. "I thought I did pretty well against Humphrey, and since he plays a lot like Eller that meant that I had a good rehearsal for this game."

The sternest test for what may be the best offensive line in the NFL came late in the day. A Viking punt had been batted out of bounds on the San Francisco one-yard line. The 'Niners were still down 17-6, and there were only nine minutes left in the season. Brodie had to get two touchdowns in the brief time remaining.

Coolly, from his own end zone, he started out by throwing a difficult 12-yard sideline pass to Johnisenburger, a second-string wide receiver. The offensive line gave Brodie the time, and he purchased some operating room with the gain. He then called for Schreiber to go off tackle, but Alan Page rolled off a block by Basler to stop Schreiber after two yards.

Back to the air. With The Protectors chicken-fighting that formidable Viking pass rush, Brodie threw deep downfield to Gene Washington, who made a spectacular catch and run for a 53-yard gain. A pass to Vic Washington added eight yards. On the next play Kwalick was covered closely, so Brodie lofted the ball over the sideline and out of danger. Then he came back up the middle to Gene Washington for 24 yards and a touchdown. Now it was 17-13.

When San Francisco got the ball back again, there was only a minute and a half left. This time it was 66 yards to go for the touchdown. Again the offensive line blunted the charge of the Purple People Eaters, and again Brodie, imperturbable and daring, marched his team downfield.

Mixing passes with a draw play—and a trick play that failed—Brodie moved San Francisco to the Minnesota 20, where he used up his last time-out with a minute to go. He next hit Vic Washington, who was tackled on the two. Two passes fell incomplete and then, with only 25 seconds remaining, Brodie rolled out to his right, looking for all the world like he was going to try to run the ball in himself. Instead, he drilled a pass in the end zone to Dick Witcher, a reserve who had come in as a second tight end to reinforce the impression that the 49ers were going to run.

Witcher caught the ball—his first touchdown of the year—and was immediately descended upon by delirious teammates who burned him more effectively than a whole defense could. San Francisco, old John Brodie and The Protectors were in the playoffs together again.

In each of the last two years, the 49ers have lost to the Cowboys in the playoffs, but both of these teams are inconsistent, and in this confused season of creeping mediocrity there are no cer-

tainities. In the beginning, remember, almost everyone thought that the Vikings, with Tarkenton soup up their offense, would run away with the title, but the Vikings could not even make the playoffs and, indeed, just made .500.

In any event, the odds would suggest that the winner of the 49er-Cowboys game will emerge as the NFC's Super Bowl entrant. Green Bay meets Washington in the other match, and while the Redskins have already demonstrated that they can beat the Packers, neither the Cowboys nor the 49ers should lose to the Over The Hill Gang this late in the long, arduous season.

In the AFC, Pittsburgh, a very young and ambitious team, finally won a championship, but despite the fact that runner-up Cleveland also qualifies for the playoffs, the Central is a weak division. The East appears to be weaker still, and while it is to Miami's great credit that it went undefeated, the feat is merely academic. The Dolphins played such a cream-puff schedule that not one of their opponents made the playoffs, and only two of them barely scraped by over .500. No, the real class of the AFC now would appear to be the Oakland Raiders, who have won their last six games.

No world championship has ever come to San Francisco, and it would be ironic if the honor were denied it this time by its rival in the less glamorous city across the bay.

END

Brodie fires from the pocket. Says one of his teammates: "I know where he's going to be."



CRY WOLF IN CAROLINA

*Down where Big Four is big hysteric,
State's Wolfpack licked its chops at
a feast featuring some old neighbors*

by RON FIMRITE

Big is a hefty little adjective that nonetheless trips lightly off the tongue. What, after all, is really big? Is the Big Ten big? The Big Eight? The Big Apple? The Big Noise from Winerka?

It is, alas, a question that is merely academic to the sporting bloods of central North Carolina, where basketball is so big even football seems small and where the biggest thing in basketball is the Big Four—North Carolina, North Carolina State, Duke and Wake Forest, those nearly contiguous universities which regard each other warily from distances that are hardly safe.

Proximity alone would necessarily stir rivalry on such proud Southern campuses, but in basketball the four have for years shared a common trait—excellence. A Big Four team has won 17 of the 19 championships in the Atlantic Coast Conference, which now also includes Maryland, Virginia, Clemson and, formerly, South Carolina. And the ACC champion has won the NCAA Eastern Regional championship eight of the last 11 years. Furthermore, it is common knowledge that Big Four games are to

In a battle of giants, State's Tommy Burlinson deftly puts a lid on Carolina's Bobby Jones.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN S. HANSON AND LARE STEWART

ordinary basketball what karate is to Indian wrestling. Take last weekend at the—what else?—Big Four basketball tournament on the supposedly neutral court at Greensboro.

The event is only in its third year, yet it has been embraced by local fanatics as hidebound tradition and, therefore, just cause for hysteria. This year's tournament had several added dimensions. Along with improving Duke and rebuilding Wake Forest under placid Carl Tacy, it would bring together—presumably in the finals—nationally ranked North Carolina and State. The Big Four is big on "eras," and the experts were saying that the Dean Smith era at North Carolina might be interrupted by a State team favored with one and possibly two superstars.

In devouring four mediocre early-season opponents, the State Wolfpack had averaged an astonishing 127 points per game. Its blossoming superstar, a shy, delicate-featured, 6'4" 18-year-old black sophomore named David Thompson, had averaged 33.8 points for his first four varsity games. He was the nation's leading scorer. Thompson, however, had been inspiring superlatives long before he had ever taken a shot for the Pack. It was reported he could jump 42 inches straight up from a standstill, a presumed record for this esoteric event. He was also a deadly shooter, an unbestable defensive player, a deft ball handler and a jolly good fellow. What's more, he was a bona fide North Carolinian from out Shelby way. After seeing Thompson in action as a freshman, Purdue Coach Fred Schaus called him one of the 10 best basketball players in the nation, pro or college. His own coach, the effusive Norm Sloan, says: "He'll be recognized soon as one of the best who ever played the game."

For good measure, State could offer Center Tommy Burleson, a junior whose program height is listed as 7'4". It is not quite that altitudinous. When Burleson was measured officially at the U.S. Olympic Trials earlier this year he was found to be a mere 7'2½". But at heights like these why pick nits?

Against such colossi, North Carolina

would defend its Big Four tournament title with a typical Dean Smith team—quick, cautious, exquisitely drilled and, above all, disciplined. Smith, who is by basketball standards something of a Renaissance man—which is to say, he has other interests, such as books and music—is a firm believer in discipline. "No person who goes with the winds," says he, "is truly free or completely happy." Whatever it is Smith believes in, it works. In 11 years at Chapel Hill his teams have won 217 games and lost only 82. His record against the others of the Big Four since 1966-67 is an overbearing 39-10. Last season the Tar Heels won five separate tournaments in compiling a 29-5 record.

On opening night of this tournament, both of these alleged powerhouses nearly came a cropper. State played abominably in barely holding off an inspired Wake Forest 88-83, and Carolina had its disciplined hands full with Duke before winning 91-86. Thompson played spottily, although he scored 29 points and electrified the crowd—not much of a feat, really—with some showy shot-blocking on defense. Burleson was in foul difficulty early and was scarcely a factor.

Still, the best would meet in the Saturday finals. Except for the partisan few, the crowd of 14,886 politely endured

continued



Tar Heels' Becky Futler makes a head point.



Scoring sensation David Thompson hurls in the air to put off a shot over stretching Carolina defenders Darn Johnson (left) and Ray Harrison.

Mini-guard Monte Towe tries out his wizardry on Jones.



Recording the long and short of it, photographers snap at the Wolfpack.

Duke's 80-67 victory over Wake Forest in the consolation match that night. The genuine ear-shattering shrieking began the moment the Carolina and State teams emerged from their dressing chambers.

Apparently both squads were unhinged by the din, for the first half was an *opera bouffe* of missed shots, errant passes, lost opportunities, frayed tempers and traveling violations. Two teams that together had averaged 219 points a game scored only 55 in those desultory 20 minutes. Carolina pulled itself together just long enough to gain a 29-26 lead. Tar Heel Bobby Jones, another former Olympian, scored 12, mostly by slipping past Thompson for passes under the basket. Thompson had six points, Burleson four.

The second half was a different matter. Each team began to play its game—Carolina breaking fast, passing wisely and pressing intently on defense. State shooting accurately from outside and locating Burleson inside. Thompson connected on two quick shots, fed for another and seemed less constricted than in the first half. He was smiling now as he hit on jumpers from the corners. And he and Burleson were mercilessly harassing Carolina's inside shooters.

Neither, however, could claim to be the hero of this extraordinary revival. That honor would come to the smallest man on the court, perhaps the smallest on any court outside a junior high school. Monte Towe, like Burleson, has had an inch and a half added to his true height in the game programs. He is listed there as 5' 7". Sophomore Towe is only 5' 5½". "I didn't think a kid that small could play," said Sloan, "but he's no oddity. He's an athlete." That he is, and it was his superb ball handling that eventually frustrated the tenacious Carolina press.

With 9:01 left to play and the score tied at 49 points, Towe was penalized with his fourth personal foul. Anticipating a summons to the bench, he rushed to Sloan, begging to stay in the game. Impressed with such dedication (a favorite Big Four word), Sloan relented. Towe, to the everlasting gratitude of his teammates, stayed.

His steps dogged by a succession of flailing Carolina guards, little Towe consistently eluded them to control the ball and deliver sharp passes. The Tar Heels simply could not contain the mite except by fouling, and the Wolfpack moved resolutely into the lead. The final five

points were scored on free throws—three by Thompson and two by Towe. State had won 68-61.

"I love having the ball when it's close," the little man said afterward. "David and Tommy are superstars, so it has to make you feel good to win like this. It showed we have some other players on the team, too."

Thompson, who finished with 19 points, established that another of his attributes is modesty. "Towe," he said, "is the guy who keeps us together. He's our MVP. He kinda gets to you."

Thompson did prove that he can play well, if not always spectacularly or with the completeness that had been suggested, and he has rare natural gifts. Though he is not yet a superstar, he soon will be, a prospect he accepts with equanimity. State can afford to wait for him. It will not be going to the postseason NCAA tournament this year anyway, since it is on a year's probation for violating rules in recruiting Thompson. So, for similar reasons, is Duke, which, of course, did not even land him. But with Thompson, Burleson and, yes, Towe, State can maintain its high ranking in the national polls. It was, for better or worse, the drama team of last weekend's extravaganza.

Exciting as the tournament was, it remains a wearisome burden for the coaches involved. "This is too early to start playing Big Four games," said North Carolina's Smith last week.

Lord knows, the Big Four see enough of each other. There is the regular home-and-home championship schedule, which leads to no championship at all, then the ACC tournament, which involves all seven conference teams and determines the actual champion, then the possibility of a postseason tournament such as the National Invitational, which could well involve more than one of the Big Four.

By season's end the Four are just a little tired of each other. Besides, knocking themselves off, as they habitually do, does not help any of them climb in the national rankings, where win-loss records count so heavily. As Tacy, whose team was undefeated before its first conference game, said, "Against the ACC clubs we have to play twice as hard just to keep up."

So why an early-season tournament as intramural as this one? Well, how about money? Duke Coach Bucky Wa-

ters has his own pet name for this premature shoot-out: "The Budget Bowl." Indeed, each of the four schools is approximately \$45,000 richer after the tournament. The crowds in the 15,362-seat Coliseum are always at, near or even above capacity, the tickets go for \$7 a copy and the transportation expenses are practically nil since each of the competing schools is only a short bus ride from Greensboro. The Big Four tournament, for all of its bother, is among the most rewarding in the nation.

Meaningless as the tournament may be—the results do not count an ACC standings—it does give the outside world a hint of what to expect from the rugged Big Four and it provides an opportunity for the indigenous zealots to whip themselves into verbal condition for the regular season and the ACC tournament. Although they affect a reasonable manner outside the arena and are as capable of the knowing smile as any New York cabdriver, Big Four rooters are known to be the most insistently vocal in all of basketball.

"Collegiate basketball here is unlike anything anywhere else in the country," says Waters. "The interest is fantastic. You can't hear yourself think. We live with it and once you've been in it nothing else will do. This is the center ring."

Waters, who wears his 37 years well despite the insults on his senses, is himself an excitable sort. In an effort to eliminate technical fouls he once took to strapping himself to his seat, a practice he abandoned only after learning of a fellow coach being punched out by a 6' 9" player during one fierce conference game. "After I heard that," he said, "I felt I wanted to be able to move fast."

Moving fast is a Big Four characteristic. And the swiftest of all would seem to be the young cubs in Sloan's Wolfpack. Maryland may be better, as might be last weekend's tournament victim, North Carolina, but Sloan's team has new confidence.

The significance of the Carolina win may be lost on non-Big Four people, but it certainly was not lost on State's Burleson. Reminded that he will play with a touring all-star team this summer in Russia, the giant pondered the adventure for a moment, then said: "Well, I just hope that old Russian Red gets me as fired up as the Carolina Blue did tonight."

Big Four people talk like that.

END



AFTER THE BOWLS, THE POLLS

No matter what Coach John McKay of USC may say, the bowl results decide the final national rankings, and unless his mighty Trojans beat Ohio State in Pasadena they will probably no longer be No. 1

by DAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL BARRIS

No one has ever figured out exactly what bowl games are supposed to be, other than a time to hang around a crowded hotel lobby wondering where all of your room keys went, or a place to wear a big button on a badly tailored blazer that says WE'RE NO. 1 IN THE RURAL VOTE, or an occasion to explore all of the mysteriously unknown liqueur brands in alumni hospitality suites, or a chance to yell across the field at thousands of underprivileged people who were forced by circumstances to settle for a lesser college education than was enjoyed by yourself and all the other good folks from God's country.

From a football viewpoint, it has never actually been

continued



decided whether bowl games constitute the emotional end to the regular season, or if they mark the beginning of the next, or, in fact, if they do not simply sit there as a sort of one-game season all their own. The men who coach the teams that get into postseason play and there are nowadays about 22 such major teams that do—have definite opinions about this so-called reward. As Texas' Darrell Royal has expressed it, "Bowl games are no fun unless you win."

Originally bowls were just a holiday extravaganza for laughs, promotion and profit, a long trip West or South for trainloads of partygoers and a couple of good teams from different sectors: a postseason intersectional matchup, accent on the post, seeing as how in some cases there could be a delay of 40 days or more (and usually at least a month) between the conclusion of the regular season and New Year's Day.

Objectively speaking, they still are singular extravaganzas, proving nothing for the most part, except that college football is so much fun that it can be televised even in the midst of the pro playoffs and the basketball season. In the past 10 years, however, we have all been spoiled. What has happened is that the big bowl games have staggered into the stimulating position of frequently affecting that great old barroom and coffee-shop debate about who's No. 1. Thus a whole generation of college fans have come to expect one particular bowl game, or the combined results of, say, four of them, to settle the national championship. In the comfort of his own home, then, the American football fan has been able to lean back on New Year's night after all the bowl results are in, and observe, while chewing on a cold drink-suck, "Hell, I knowed Alabama was the best all along."

To quickly review what spoiled us and find out where we are in our attitude toward bowls, we have to start with 1963. The Rose Bowl matched No. 1 USC against No. 2 Wisconsin that season and suddenly, for the first time in years, a

howl had something to settle. A year later the Cotton Bowl had No. 1 Texas against No. 2 Navy. In 1969 the Rose had the only game when top-ranked Ohio State met No. 2 USC and O. J. Simpson. And of course in the 1972 Orange Bowl the undefeated champion, Nebraska, went up against the undefeated challenger, Alabama, in what was supposed to be a bigger but turned out to be just another festival for Johnny Rodgers and Rich Givver.

These were the years that made the bowls the nearest thing we have to an NCAA championship playoff. Even in years when there has been no direct confrontation between the top two teams, however, the national championship has



sometimes been settled in the bowls. Take 1971. Texas was No. 1, but when it lost to Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl, Ohio State took over—for about three hours. When the Buckeyes lost to Stanford and Jim Plunkett in the Rose Bowl, the title moved to Nebraska, which nailed it down by beating LSU in the Orange. The point is that the public has come to accept as national champion that team which is ranked No. 1 after the bowls, and when Coach John McKay of USC says that, as he sees it, the game with Ohio State in the Rose Bowl has no bearing on who's No. 1 or No. 101, he is not kidding anyone. Should Ohio State upset USC, the Trojans would probably be voted out of the top spot even though their record, 11-1, would be as good as any in the country.

However, such an event is unlikely. If both teams play their best—and bowl teams rarely do—USC should win by at least three touchdowns. There's that much difference in the Pacific Eight and the Big Ten now. The Buckeyes are out-

quicked everywhere by the Trojans, on both sides of the line.

More than one pro scout holds the opinion that USC may have up to 24 players, counting sophomores and everybody, who will make it easily in the NFL, and one of those sophomores, Linchacker Richard Wood, who is big, fast, rangy and a head-hunter, might well be one of the two or three best players in the U.S.—already.

The Trojans beat 11 teams almost laughing, and their schedule was far from an easy one. They run, throw, deceive and hit with an amazing combination of size and speed. If the Buckeyes fall into any early mistakes, a fumble or so, the result could be humiliating. Ohio

State must play well with no letup to make it close, and this might happen only if all the other Trojans play as ordinarily as they did against Notre Dame when Tony Davis (or A.D.) "anything but Anthony," he says, alone record-booked the Irish with six touchdowns.

Aside from all the line people in Ohio, those who will be rooting the hardest for the Buckeyes will be the fine people in Oklahoma, provided the Sooners do what is generally expected of them the day before against Penn State in the Sugar Bowl. If USC somehow loses, the chances are that Oklahoma rather than Ohio State will become No. 1 in the post-bowl voting. If, of course, the Sooners beat Penn State.

That may not be as easy as Greg Pruitt probably thinks. Joe Paterno's teams have a habit of confounding their bowl opponents, and Penn State always shows up with more quality football players than people outside the East give it credit for. Three comparatively recent Penn State bowl opponents thought they could whip up on the Eastern ussies, and they all lost. One of them was not very good to begin with, Texas last season, but Kansas in 1969 and Missouri in 1970 were national powers, and Paterno stung the Big Eight both times.

Penn State, on the other hand, mustn't get the notion that it knows the solu-

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BOWLS AND POLLS

tion to the Wishbone just on the basis of last year's Cotton Bowl. That was the worst of Darrell Royal's record nine conference championships, and the most crippled Oklahoma's Wishbone is quite different.

Oklahoma has speed Penn State has not coped with, and one of the best defenses in the country Oklahoma also makes mistakes, handling the ball at times as if it were a cactus. Penn State will need these mistakes, but the odds are that the Sooner defense will give the offense the ball enough to win, and if Greg Pruitt and Joe Washington and Joe Wyke and all those guys don't fumble, and if Dave Robertson hits the pass, Joe Paterno, with something less than his best team, could finally get his bowl spanking.

A day later, and before the Rose Bowl or New Year's, there will be a Wishbone clinic in Dallas, where Alabama and Texas go at it. Alabama must be given a slight chance at No. 1, but only if USC and Oklahoma both lose and the Tide wins big and impressively. Most people have a right to expect Alabama to win with some ease, despite the freaky loss to Auburn. Terry Davis has become one of the few Wishbone quarterbacks to rank up there with Oklahoma's Jack Mildren, and James Street and Eddie Phillips of Texas, the only other ones who knew how to run it.

Alabama most likely is better than it was last year. So is Texas. But while the Longhorns will confront Alabama with one of the best defenses the Tide has seen, and certainly with one that knows all about the Wishbone, Texas' offense is severely limited to Alan Lowry and Roosevelt Leaks, a quarterback and fullback. Strangely enough, Bear Bryant has never beaten Darrell Royal in three previous games, although each time he appeared to have the better team. So it seems now. Unless Royal conceals an effective passing game and a few other surprises, the football most often should turn up in the Texas end zone, having been carried or thrown to someone there by Terry Davis.

The last game of the four big bowls, the Orange, already has its own personality, being the one at night and the one with the world's gaudiest and least comprehensible halftime show. Comets war through the Miami night, queens light up and a fiesta explodes, or something like that. Anyhow, this time it has

continued

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BOWLS AND POLLS *continued*

a lot of pure old football scheduled, which can stand alone any day. It has the Notre Dame glamour against a Heisman Trophy winner and two of the most physical teams outside of the NFL in the Irish and Nebraska.

Nebraska still thinks of itself as a national champion although it lost two and bed one because of fumbles and a young quarterback who cannot run or bat the pass he must hit. But the Cornhuskers should not be deceived by Notre Dame, or think that just because this is Bob Devaney's last game, Johnny Rodgers is going to perform all of his wonders. Notre Dame is a massive and violent team on the scrimmage line; it has rugged runners and a fine young passer in Tom Clements. Ara Parseghian will come up with a skillful game plan, and Notre Dame will be there like a crusade.


The world need not be shocked if Nebraska wins comfortably, just as it should not be surprised if the other important bowl games go according to paper. History insists, however, that one or two upsets occur, usually because of emotion and some hidden physical superiority. Notre Dame has both these things along with being, well, Notre Dame. In short, Nebraska had better be ready.

The only other bowl games involving teams of national interest are the Gator, which has Colorado and Auburn, and the Astro-Bluebonnet, which has LSU and Tennessee, a couple of teams that sound like they play each other every other Saturday but who rarely meet. Like the Orange Bowl, these games offer nothing more than sheer fun this time. If Colorado plays as well as it can, and not as deplorably as it sometimes does, Auburn will be vastly outmuscled. At the other one, if LSU's Bert Jones rediscovered his receivers often enough, the Tigers are plenty physical enough elsewhere to win.

In a sense, there is something nice and different about these bowls coming up for the holidays. After the past 10 years there is a certain relief in the absence of another Game of the Decade, Volume II, Chapter III.

Overall, they will all be what John McKay argues the Rose Bowl will be: exciting and colorful as ever in their own nature but as meaningless as in the old days in terms of who's No. 1. Oh, really? Well, better make sure the Trojans win, John, or here comes the heat.

END

A black and white photograph of a middle-aged man with a joyful expression, wearing a heavy, textured winter coat. He is holding a large, wrapped gift with a red bow and a bottle of Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch Whisky. The background is dark with a light, speckled texture, suggesting a snowy or festive atmosphere.

It's nice to give something
you wouldn't mind getting yourself.

Seagram's
100 PIPERS
Scotch

100 PIPERS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40 PROOF • SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK



HOW CAN AMERICA HEAD OFF ENERGY SHORTAGES?

THE SUREST WAY IS TO INCREASE OUR DOMESTIC SUPPLIES OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS.

THESE TWO FUELS FURNISH 77% OF ALL OUR ENERGY.

THEY WILL BE OUR MOST IMPORTANT ENERGY SOURCES FOR YEARS TO COME.

TODAY, AMERICA'S DEMAND FOR OIL AND NATURAL GAS IS MUCH GREATER THAN DOMESTIC PRODUCTION.

TO AVOID THE "ENERGY SHORTAGES" YOU'VE BEEN READING SO MUCH ABOUT, WE'RE DEPENDING MORE AND MORE ON IMPORTS OF FOREIGN OIL.

WE NEED IMPORTS, BUT WE SHOULD NOT BECOME OVERLY DEPENDENT ON THEM.

EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ON WHICH HIS WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS.

Energy is the power to keep machines working.

Thousands of kinds of machines: people machines like home furnaces, kitchen ranges, air conditioners, light bulbs, automobiles; public machines like planes, trains, television networks, water purification plants; all the complex machinery modern industry uses to make the things we use in our daily lives.

Abundant and low-cost supplies of energy have given Americans one of the highest standards of living in the world.

Oil and natural gas furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Yet today, with energy demand expected to almost double within the next 15 years, production from known domestic reserves has reached a peak.

WE'RE USING MORE, FINDING LESS

In 1971, domestic natural gas production was 96% of what we used. By 1985, unless we take steps now to encourage exploration for new supplies, domestic production will meet only 40% of estimated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 took care of about three-fourths of demand. By 1985, domestic supplies will provide less than half of our needs—unless we start now to increase these supplies.

Our other domestic sources of energy at present are coal (18%), hydroelectric power (4%), and nuclear and geothermal power (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear power's share may rise as high as 17%,

while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So many imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering \$25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

NOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated \$175 billion of more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

Energy for America is not just an oil problem, nor a gas problem, nor a coal problem. It is all these and more, interlocking into a single problem that demands solution because it affects every citizen.

And you can help solve it.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared a basic booklet, "The Energy Gap". Write to Dept. K, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

With your understanding and help, America can head off energy shortages.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.



THE BALL IN TWO DIFFERENT COURTS

by Curry Kirkpatrick

In a sporting year of extraordinary achievement, the old truths that helped mold the most honored athletes were increasingly under question, even if their records were not. Three times an All-American player, UCLA Basketball Coach John Wooden, now 62, won his sixth straight college championship, an accomplishment dwarfing anything his sport has ever known. Billie Jean King swept the Big Three tennis championships and, at 29, earned over \$100,000 for the second straight year, the only woman ever to do so. Between their respective peaks, there seemed to be a sizable gap. In some eyes, Wooden represented, if not the Establishment, at least some values to be protected to the end, while King stood for the new wave of individualism. As usual, both characterizations turned out to be too snug to be true. Yet here the two of them manage to express philosophies that typify the ongoing debate in sport. For their accomplishments and their symbolic importance, they are jointly named Sportsman and Sportswoman of 1972.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYtage

Surrounded by the unmistakable colors and panoply of a college football weekend, basketball's John Wooden and tennis' Billie Jean King met not long ago to discuss their games, their lives and sport. The setting was a quiet room on the UCLA campus, tucked away from the California bustle to which they have both become accustomed. Wooden, a former high school teacher from Indiana, and Ms. King, the daughter of a Long Beach fireman, got on famously. She wore red and lamented what she supposed to be her own gain of weight. He said that his wife's favorite color was red, complimented Billie Jean's slim look and showed pictures of his grandchildren. He spoke of Suzanne Lenglen and remembered once having dinner with Henri Cochet. She said basketball was her favorite sport to watch and declared the UCLA team as her first love, even before it was winning. A baseball fan, Wooden inquired after Billie Jean's brother, Randy Moffitt, who pitches for the San Francisco Giants. Ms. King, in turn, asked about Bill Walton's knees.

Shortly, Wooden (who last week was recovering from a mild heart condition that will cause him to miss a few weeks of the season) was asked what makes UCLA basketball so overwhelmingly successful. "There is no easy explanation," he said. "What we do is simple; get in condition, learn fundamentals and play together. I don't buy the proposition that UCLA has risen above the general level of college basketball. We've been more consistent, come closer to our natural ability more often than others."

"We've had a great run, and each season I can see this certain carry-over to the new players. Subconsciously, they are almost afraid to fail. This encourages them to give more in practice and accept some things in the way of discipline that they wouldn't otherwise. I get away with methods other coaches have trouble defining to their players, but I have no delusions. It's not me; it is because UCLA wins that the players don't give me more guff."

Wooden spoke about the college game. "There is room for improvement"

provement in several areas of our sport. I advocate the 30-second clock to cut down on inactivity and the stall games. Jump balls should be eliminated, along with the offensive rebound basket. A rebound should be passed off before another shot goes up. This would take away the advantage of the unusually big player, cut down on fouls and make for some pretty play around the basket.

"There are more important changes to be made in college athletics," Wooden went on. "Illegal recruiting is the bane. I know cynics question my stand, but I don't like recruiting. That's why I've stayed at UCLA for a lot less money than I could receive many other places. I can soft-sell in Los Angeles, which I couldn't do in, say, Pullman, Wash. But I'm not in Pullman, and I would never coach there because of that. I say abolish all paid visits of high school players to campuses. Do not permit coaches or representatives of athletic departments to visit a youngster's home. Do not allow sports brochures, halftime introductions for prep players. In short, stop recruiting altogether. A high school athlete can get all the information he needs through academic catalogs furnished by the school. Our universities should stand on their own merits.

"We have a good game," Wooden said, "but there are things like the redshirt and the freshman-eligible rules that leave us open to the pros, who then feel justified in taking away our players. Because of the money Bill Walton can command after his junior year this spring, I would never talk him out of signing with the pros. But I think it would be a mistake; I'd be very disappointed. Had Johnny Neumann or Julius Erving or Spencer Haywood or Ralph Simpson and the rest stayed in school they would be far better off today—better for their maturity, the learning of business sense, the educational values and their entire future. I've told Walton this. It all depends on which week I talk to him whether he thinks he will leave after this year."

Billie Jean King broke in here, wanting to know the difference between amateurs and professionals. "I have trouble interpreting college basketball players as amateurs," she said. "No matter how small it is, if they are given financial aid for excelling at sport, calling them amateurs is incorrect. As an amateur tennis player, whether they gave me \$10 or \$4,000 under the table, I still considered myself a professional and I didn't like being called an amateur. The amateur ideal is ridiculous; I think finally we have realized that amateurism in the Olympics is a farce. Well, tennis was like that for a thousand years. The word always has been that amateurs play sport for the love of it. Listen, professionals love it just as much, probably more so. We put our *lives* on the line for sport."

She spoke of women in tennis, of tennis itself. "The crux has nothing to do with Women's Lib. We don't want to compete against men. We just want the opportunity to get into sports programs at all levels. I think there should be more women's golf and tennis teams at the college level so girls could make a choice. The only way I made it in tennis was by chance. My family didn't participate. I wanted a sport where I could still be considered feminine. That hasn't been easy. Hopefully, no longer are we regarded as musclebound, Amazonian junks."

"The growth of the game has been phenomenal," Billie Jean continued, "but tennis has a long way to go. The

game is caught up in tradition, trivia and etiquette when all that really matters is the caliber of play. We need to move away from our clubby, rich and white atmosphere and touch the masses. We need more colors, more noise, a better scoring system and improved officiating.

"Tennis players have been pampered for too long, also. The whispering and silences that go on during a tennis match are absurd. I say let the people yell, scream, shout, boo, do whatever they feel like doing. They paid their money. I've been booed. So what? More crowd noise would be hard on the players at first, but that's only because we aren't used to it. If you're a pro, you learn to cope.

"The same thing applies to the tiebreak scoring system," she said. "When that came in, the players went crazy. 'Oh, no, we can't play that!' We could and did. WCT hates sudden death, but in truth it makes tennis. The men hate the pressure, but that's what sport is all about. Now, let's take the Van Allen system all the way. Let's score games 1-0, 2-0 and so on. A game should be four points, no deuce-ads, forget it. That will put a time limit on matches and make easier scheduling."

What irritates Billie Jean the most is the disparate purses awarded men and women at major tournaments. "We do not want equal pay for equal work," she says. "We only want what we're worth. For two years we've outdrawn the men at Forest Hills by whatever criteria they've used, but this year the men's money was 2½ times the women's, and at Wimbledon it is twice as much even though I know we draw at least as many people there as the men every year. We think our tournaments should be apart from the men's so we can be judged. If we don't draw as well, we shouldn't be paid as much."

Billie Jean paused. "Many people ask me if it hurts to see the youngsters, Evonne Goolagong and Chris Evert, get so much recognition," she said. "Their stardom and all that attention are my dream for tennis. What did hurt was Chris turning down all her money last year to remain an amateur. She would have won at least \$40,000 and often I told her to go ahead and take it. I've put in 15 years so the day would come when somebody like Chris would be able to win such amounts. Then when she refuses it, it just destroys me."

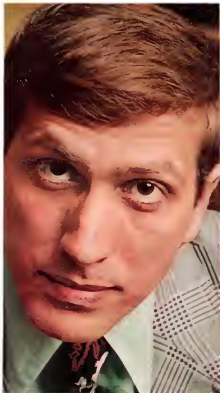
The growing wave of commercialism in sport, the odor of big business, drew mixed reactions from Wooden and Billie Jean. "I used to be on the players' side in disputes," Wooden said, "but I think players' unions have become the tail wagging the dog. I was disgusted with the baseball strike. Management has too large an investment not to have the absolute right to run its business as it pleases. Athletes aren't taken advantage of; their salaries are way out of line. Why should they receive retirement income after 10 years of work that dwarfs the money teachers get after 40 years? Certainly their income is short-lived. But their education hasn't been lost. What do they do the rest of their lives, sit around? The fact they have played pro sports opens many doors to athletes that are closed to others who have more ability."

Billie Jean felt sport does not deserve "this pastoral aura. We're in big business, and until people face reality we'll be dabbling in nonsense forever. Salaries aren't out of line, not even on moral grounds. We happen to be in

continued

BOBBY FISCHER

Became the first American to win the world chess title, the titanic Boris Spassky and the memory of Paul Morphy.



WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Led the L.A. Lakers to a record season and the NBA title, and became the all-time leading rebounder as well as scorer.



MARK SPITZ

Dominated his own sport as no other Olympian in history, winning seven gold medals, each in world-record time.



JACK NICKLAUS

Tied Bobby Jones in major tournament wins, passed Arnold Palmer in lifetime earnings and made a run at golf's Grand Slam.



the entertainment business at a time when that is in demand. If we can get the money, we deserve it. If management can't afford salaries, they are the first to say so. The fact they do pay out so much means it is worthwhile to someone. Of course, contracts should be honored. But when a Vida Blue becomes a fantastic draw, and packs them in by himself, concessions should be made. I'm not in favor of all this jumping teams, but we must face that, too. It's all in *Future Shock* by Toffler—life is more temporary. People don't remain in one job anymore; they'll have six or seven jobs in a lifetime. Colleges should make kids sign contracts, or there's going to be more jumping."

"Well, I wouldn't want that," Wooden said. "I truly wouldn't."

Billie Jean did not let up. "We must lift sport out of this glass jar. We can't divorce ourselves from politics, either. I haven't met one human being who agrees with Avery Brundage that sport is above politics. The nationalistic flavor of the Olympics breeds political problems. Athletes should represent themselves, not their countries. Using one's position in sport to influence a political situation is a personal, individual matter. I've been to South Africa a couple of times but the conditions have bothered me and I won't go back. In my work for the Women's Political Caucus, I think of myself as a woman, not an athlete, and yet what makes me valuable is that I'm a tennis star. It's an athlete's privilege, like anybody else's, to speak out on issues."

Wooden agreed, up to a point. "When Walton was arrested last spring in an anti-war protest, he was acting on his own," he said. "He wasn't using basketball. Yet he was criticized because he is a basketball player."

"Another recent development has bothered me," he said. "I'm as loyal to the flag and the country as the next man. I love the national anthem and would like to see its use continued at athletic contests, yet my team has been criticized for not being on the floor when the anthem is played. I prefer that we be in the locker room when the song goes on—so the players don't stand around cold after warmups. I certainly am not avoiding the anthem."

"In most European countries they don't play their anthems," said Billie Jean. "I kind of like ours because it seems to settle things. I don't like the victory ceremonies at the Olympics, though; they're political. I've become much less nationalistic over the years."

"That doesn't mean you're less patriotic, does it, Billie Jean?" Wooden said.

"No, definitely not," she said. "But if the song offends some people, it is their privilege not to stand or acknowledge it."

"It is the national anthem, though," said Wooden.

The new breed of counterculture sports heroes and their impact on society was mentioned. "There always have been rebels with different values and unusual life-styles," said Wooden, "but it's unlikely they ever have majority support. Duane Thomas is a subject of pity. Joe Namath and Kareem and Muhammad Ali are stars purely on their ability. Not many people admire their ways or their styles. They'd be more of a factor in American life if they weren't so, well, radical."

"Many people consider me radical," admitted Billie Jean,

"but 10 years from now my ideas will seem antiquated. People like Namath and Lie Nastase don't bother me. They're another sign of the times. People are finding out athletes are not a bunch of Jack Armstrongs who neither smoke, drink nor have ideas. That's unrealistic."

"Still," Wooden pointed out, "because of these men it is sometimes more difficult for youngsters to accept discipline now. Every person in the public eye has a deep moral responsibility to youth and to the public. It hurts to see athletes endorse liquor or tobacco."

"That hits home," said Billie Jean. "I don't drink or smoke. You can imagine how I felt when the sponsors of women's tennis turned out to be Virginia Slims. It was a tough decision. If I hadn't played—I'll be truthful—there wouldn't have been a circuit. I wasn't about to deprive 80 girls of a living, and I do know people who drink and smoke a lot and also play great tennis."

"I used to smoke," said Wooden, "but I was ashamed to let my players see me."

"Life-style is an individual matter," concluded Billie Jean. "If a Dick Allen can get the job done living whatever way he lives, that's right on."

Wooden spoke philosophically. "In all of this, we're talking about something, sport, which is 99% good. I don't know anyone, as participant, spectator or bystander, who is not touched in some way by sport. It's healthy, an emotional outlet, a physical outlet, an entertainment, a vehicle for escape. Certainly there are some drawbacks. Sport is overdone sometimes; many people don't have it in the proper line of priorities. Widespread gambling is another problem. But sport keeps people young; perhaps that is the most important thing."

"As I look back, most everything I have is a result of sport. Oh, I know it's the toy part of the world and I'm not significant in any worldly fashion. But a long time ago I found this niche and it has been right for me. I've enjoyed coaching, teaching and the relationships. It's nice to look around and see my players become successful in different fields. I am content. I have peace of mind, and I worry about how much I'm going to miss sport when I get out of it in the near future."

Billie Jean thought about that. "Sometimes there are down moments," she said, "and I feel unimportant. I think, 'Sport, big deal.' But what is sport anyway? An art, an amusement. We professionals are the motivators. We are the ones who inspire. We sell people something they have for the rest of their lives—moments, memories—and they are better in health, mind and spirit. So I do contribute. I give people pleasure and happiness."

"The very first day I hit a tennis ball I knew what I wanted," she went on. "It has made my life. Winning isn't the big deal, either. The real joy comes from the very thing that involves people in sport in the first place—the fun of execution, the fun of playing."

"Naturally sport is an outlet, an expenditure of energy. Not everyone gets that from reading a book or watching a movie. But also it teaches us about daily living. Certain things don't always go our way. Sometimes we have to lose and we all must face it. Ups and downs. Hills and valleys. That's what sport is all about. That's what life is about, too."

Seldom has a year in sport offered the excitement, the stimulation and the turbulence of 1972. Not only did new heroes emerge, but new types of heroes. Events themselves took on a different cast, with assumptions of superiority being shattered East and West. Affairs of sport, normally a well-regulated aspect of life, seemed no more ordered than affairs of nations. The author assesses what has happened and draws his own iconoclastic conclusions

GLEANINGS FROM A TROUBLED TIME

by Bill Gilbert



This has been a thought-provoking year in what is still sometimes called the world of sport. For example, it has been demonstrated during recent months that the Stanley Cup is not the world championship of hockey but only a kind of provincial elimination tournament; that the national pastime can be disrupted in the same way and for the same reasons that the steel or rail industry can be; that brooding Russian geniuses are not necessarily the best chess players; that God did not order the world so as to guarantee that the fastest runners, strongest shotputters, most supple pole vaulters, shrewdest athletic coaches and trainers would be produced by American institutions of higher learning; that absurdity, hypocrisy, greed, chauvinism, xenophobia and violence exist in the world of Big Sport in about the same proportions that they do in the Big World. But before going any further, some distinctions can be made about sport.

Nowadays, it exists on at least three levels. There is first True Sport, the manifestation of man's seemingly innate urge to play. True Sport is organized for and often by participants and is essentially a private matter like eating or making love. High Sport is True Sport raised to the level of art by the talent, even genius, of its participants. It is public in the sense that all art is public (great music, painting, literature or sport is incomplete until that time when it is displayed, judged and acclaimed). Finally there is Big Sport in which elements of True and High Sport are present but are modified by other considerations, notably commerce and politics.

The surprising reversals and shattered illusions of sporting 1972 may have been only the consequences of a freak-

continued

ish season, comparable to one in which it snows in July. The makers and shakers of Big Sport, who have a considerable stake in business as usual, are suggesting that what we have seen is simply an extraordinary spell of unrelated accidents. However, the contrary is likely. There is abundant evidence that during the past 12 months Big Sport has been inundated by reality. Viewed from this perspective, it is possible to conceive that certain apparently disparate events are connected as, say, excessive rainfall and flood are connected. Consider these matters.

POLITICS

The Trials at which members of the U.S. Olympic women's track and field team were theoretically to be selected were held in Frederick, Md. last July. In consequence, for a week this country town was caught up in the maneuvering and bickering of the small but passionate group of men who coach and more or less own the modest clubs that the athletes represent. The girls themselves were generally docile, and did not take part in the arrangements because, said Olga Connolly, an older discus thrower who is nobody's possession, "Women are not supposed to have large enough brains to think for themselves." Despite the wheeling, dealing and bitching of the coaches about officials, facilities and schedules (all such activity being aimed at improving the chances of their entries for making The Team), there were some artistic performances. One of the best was turned in by a young, heretofore unknown run-

ner who, according to the terms previously agreed upon, won herself a spot on The Team.

While a group of track buffs were talking about how unexpectedly well this girl had performed, a veteran of track infighting made the sour prediction that she never would run in Munich, at least not in the relay for which she had qualified. "Her coach is an outsider," he said. "He doesn't swing any weight on the selection committee and doesn't have any friends who do." He went on to point out that there were several other athletes who, though they had run less well, were coached by some big weight-swingers. All of which was dismissed in Frederick as an unseemly exhibition of cynicism, but it proved to be true in Munich. The girl's coach had shown her how to run very fast, but this was somewhat beside the point, since the objective was making The Team at whatever speed. A better coach would have gotten himself to Munich as a member of the official party, or as a media consultant, or if all else failed, by buying a ticket so as to protect his runner during the political skirmishing.

The point is that politics has nothing to do with justice, talent or deserved rewards but is concerned with the marshaling, display and use of power. Political maneuvering is in the background of any Big Sport event, whether it takes place in Frederick or Reykjavik. Though the Olympics are fine forums for front men to explain what a bad influence politics is on sport and to express their de-

In tempestuous days: Ilin Nastase profaned his game: Duane Thomas chose not to run; Mark

Spitz cashed in with Hope; OSU's Luke Wille was mugged on court; and Jane Blalock stood accused.



termination to keep politics out of sport, the Games by tradition and design are major events in international politics. Since the beginning of the modern Olympics, competition has been organized on the basis of national teams. An international relay team made up of a Frenchman, Albanian, Kenyan and American is unthinkable, as well as being in direct violation of the Olympic code. No athlete is allowed to compete in the Games without the sanction of his or her national Olympic committee. It is these same national agencies that bring the athletes to the Games site and supervise their behavior there. Since at least 1936, the Olympics have been used for political confrontations; they have been international politics carried on by a different means.

(At the Munich Games one of the first gold medal winners was a North Korean marksman who said that while shooting he kept in mind the parting advice of his premier, which was to imagine that he was shooting at the enemies of his country. The North Korean was hushed up, but in his way he was one of the few participants to acknowledge the actual Olympic code.)

Nations support their athletes and teams handsomely. Resources devoted to these athletic endeavors are thought to be a good investment in national prestige, for it is assumed (without much logic) within the family of nations that Olympic winners demonstrate that the country that produced them is superior to nations that produced losers.

The American position with regard to politics and sport generally has been ambivalent and unattractive. When we have won, we have crowed that the victories display the superiority of representative democracy, free enterprise and grants-in-aid over other ways of doing things. This behavior has done much to promote an Ugly American image and convince men and women the world over that one of the true pleasures available today is beating an American at some game. When we have lost, we have invariably whined that we were beaten because the other side injected politics into the contest and cheated by putting its system to work producing winning athletes.

The Munich Games provided a good example of this latter reaction. All hell broke loose among the American press and commentators who shouted that our kids were being robbed by foreign politicians. Despite the noise, a different and more ominous conclusion can be drawn from the same events. The United States in Munich went 0 for 5 in the protest league, dropping two decisions in track and one each in swimming, boxing and basketball. Assuming the truth of the charge that politics influenced these decisions, then we were badly out-politicked. This suggests that a far more valuable addition to the United States delegation than, say, Bill Walton, the UCLA basketball center who stayed home in part to protest the Vietnam war, would have been Henry Kissinger.

So far as Americans and politics at the Olympics are

continued



concerned, the most charitable explanation is that we sent over an inept bunch of sporting politicians—coaches, administrators, advisers. A worse possibility is that we sent our best, who have spoken and listened to so much nonsense that they have come to believe that when Americans conceive they do so in a good clean sporting way, while when foreigners do so they are politicians.

The most spectacular example of Olympic politicking took place when the Palestinian terrorists abducted and murdered the Israeli athletes. It has been described as a wicked and senseless act. Wicked, by conventional standards, it surely was, but senseless it was not. In the last days of the summer of 1972 any realist who wanted to do political business of almost any sort would sensibly have gone to Munich. It was in Munich, not at the U.N. or in any capitol or embassy, that power was concentrated and where the political action was.

It has been conveniently forgotten that there was more blood shed at the '68 Olympics than at the '72 Games. In Mexico City more than 200 students who had chosen the Olympics as the best site to protest social conditions in their country were shot by authorities. It would seem probable that the connection between violence and the Games will be as enduring as it is logical.

INSTITUTIONALISM

According to cyclical historians who have considered the matter, human organizations are created as instruments for achieving some practical end. They are purposeful. Thus, an educational system is initially an instrument for teaching; a church, an instrument for providing psychic certainty; a military establishment, an instrument for conquest or defense.

But as instruments age and increase in power, they devote less and less of their energies to satisfying the needs for which they were created. They become concerned with perpetuating themselves. In short, they become institutions. Instruments are aggressive, flexible, innovative, often both efficient and ruthless. Institutions tend to react slowly and be wasteful, needing more resources to accomplish less. They are characterized by bureaucracies that are fearful of change, and thus enmeshed with consistency as an operating principle, since consistency greatly reduces both the necessity for being ingenious and the element of risk. As time passes, institutions devote increasing energy to self-inflating projects of a public-relations nature.

Big Sport offers some instructive cases for the student of the instrument-to-institution process. Major league baseball is now institutionalized to the point of ossification. Professional football seems in hot pursuit of the same fate. The principal concern of today's club owners, league administrators and athletes seems to be maintaining themselves and profiting by their perseverance, rather than providing entertainment.

Bob Carey, president of NFL Properties (the bureau that sanctions the use of the league's trademark for advertising and promotional purposes), recently commented on the function of his outfit, and in doing so gave an insight into a fundamental objective of his sport today:

"We imagine pro football as a power grid, pulsating and popularly rooted. A national promotion guy clamps his wire into the grid and gets the benefit of the power. He uses the popularity of the game to sell his product, and if it's a good product, everybody benefits."

As this philosophy—what is good for Big Sport is good for everyone—is pursued and refined, the quality of the sport almost inevitably declines. Each year play becomes more repented, conservative and less playful. The response of Big Sport institutions to criticism of creeping dullness is to: 1) lash out at the critics and 2) attempt to mask the progressive institutionalization of the sports by shifting franchises, increasing their number, decreasing the quality of the teams and athletes, promoting "championship" games and holding self-congratulatory "all star" and "hall of fame" affairs.

Professional hockey was the sport in which the perils and deficiencies of institutionalism were most dramatically displayed this year. The institution that has taken over the management of this Canadian sport is the National (more accurately the International, since it is as much an American as a Canadian enterprise) Hockey League. The NHL has evolved along the same institutional lines as professional baseball and football. As the game became more stylized, the talent was diluted. Meanwhile, extravagant claims were advanced by the institution as to the superb quality of the game and players. At the same time, the NHL was gravely by the fact that there was something in existence called the world hockey championship, a competition between amateurs. Canadian amateurs did not win this title, which usually went to the Russians. Finally chauvinism overcame institutional good sense: the NHL agreed to play the Russians.

(Having ceased to be instruments, the most durable institutions are those that successfully stave off competition with rivals who are still in the instrument stage. Major league baseball bureaucrats should avoid going into athletic battle with Cuba or Japan. No matter what the provocation, the safest course—which is always the best for institutions—is to go on calling the October games the World Series. All catcalls and rude noises from abroad must be ignored.)

The NHL prepared for its showdown with Russia in traditional institutional fashion. First, it cleansed its ranks of heretics. Several of the best Canadian hockey players (at least according to previous NHL press releases) were excommunicated from the engagingly misnamed Team Canada for having trafficked with rival business organizations. Then the faithful were gathered for a few weeks of training. Any longer or more serious preparation was considered unnecessary and uncool, since these were the best hockey players in the world.

The results tend to bear out the notion that when a mature, affluent institution meets a full-fledged instrument, the former is likely to be deeply surprised if not humiliated. The Canadians finally beat the Russians in the series (the Czechs and Swedes proved thorny, too), but afterward no one was saying a word about the clear superior-

continued



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ity of Canadian hockey. The vicinity of the NHL had been amply demonstrated.

Aging institutions are seldom able or inclined to reform themselves. However, they are not defenseless. What they can do is annex—institutionalize—rivals and, so to speak, defang them (e.g., the absorption of the American Football League by the National). Things are already moving in this direction in hockey. NHL owners are offering to pay millions of dollars for the services of the better Russian hockey players and there is even way-out talk of bringing some kind of professional hockey franchise to Moscow. If these deals should be consummated, it is almost certain that the quality of Russian and NHL hockey will soon be on a par.

There are reasons why sporting institutions (dynasties, the press used to call them) are more fragile than non-sporting ones. For one thing, challenge is implicit in sport. Stubborn and crafty bureaucrats can sometimes delay confrontations, but inevitably they are caught, as the NHL was this summer, in a situation where they meet an instrument under competitive conditions. Secondly, while the need for sport seems to be constant and universal with our species, the need for any particular game is peripheral. Therefore, while any sport can be rather easily institutionalized, no given sport is sufficiently substantial and necessary—in the way education, religion and war are necessary—to provide a firm foundation for a lasting institution. If one sporting institution collapses, there are always replacements, the possible modes of play being as large as the human imagination. This is a comforting thought for those who need and enjoy sport.

BAD WINNERS

This year the biggest American winner was Bobby Fischer. However, it was one of the ironies of this cruel season that his capture of an honest-to-God world championship did not give the satisfaction it might have. In fact, Fischer was such a badacting winner that many Americans were openly rooting for his opponent, Boris Spassky, who was not only a foreigner but a Russian.

A good American winner is a beautiful, noble creature: white, clean-cut, middle-class. In his competitive years, Babe Ruth was cast as a boyish hot-dog eater, and Jack Dempsey was transformed into a suitable companion for Dink Stover. What with all the pushy blacks, it has also been necessary to create an honorary black category for people like Jesse Owens, Joe Louis and Willie Mays. The ideal American winner is gregarious, charming and casual. He accomplishes his athletic feats with a certain negligence, does not strain or grunt, and wins because he is cooler, better endowed and just plain grinner than other folks. These heroes do not stoop to politicking to secure an advantage before they go out to play and do not bicker about rules. They accept unfair handicaps and had decisions with a grin, then just turn on all that American power and win. Most of them sign lucrative contracts with some professional sporting institution, but they let us know through their agents that the money is more a matter of principle, a tribute to their talent, and that they live

to play, not play to live. Eventually they marry a prom queen, produce a pair of handsome children and settle down to become responsible noncontroversial celebrities—pushers of beer, deodorants, drug-abuse programs, etc. They are always ready to tell a service or boys club what sport has done for them.

Bobby Fischer did not come close to filling this bill. He was a scrawny, unattractive man with an arrogant, insolent face. He acted even less like a true American winner. If he approximated any image, it was the American picture of a heavy—a sneaky, foreign winner. Before the championship he complained, bullied, threatened, boasted, bragged and polioed from hell to breakfast trying to gouge every possible advantage for himself. When play commenced he had temper tantrums, abused his opponent, insulted officials and was rude to the media and spectators. When he won, he made it plain that he succeeded because he was a superior chess player, not the representative of a superior institution or country. While all of this was going on, Spassky, representing the mighty institution of Russian chess, respected all the forms and made all the right and dignified moves, except on the chessboard. The analogy is somewhat strained because he is an individual, but Fischer came on like an instrument. He was obviously intent upon accomplishing a definite objective, played ferociously and did not seem to give a damn what traditions or persons he trampled on in reaching his goal.

Generally it was a very bad year for American athletic ideals. Our losers, who were numerous, rather than taking defeat gracefully, bellyached piously. Our winners, who were much rarer, tended to be of the Fischer type. The most important one after Fischer was Mark Spitz, who already had the reputation of being the spoiled brat of swimming. At the Olympics he quarreled with his teammates, who said they would rather have beaten him than any foreigner, hot-dogged a victory and then went home, not to talk to boys clubs about what he owed to swimming, but to talk to business agents about converting his seven medals into half a million dollars worth of endorsements. Wilt Chamberlain was a winner, and nobody has ever associated him with mourning the proper metrics of life. And let us forget Duane Thomas, a speechless rebel who has declined to play his game again, was the hero of the Super Bowl.

Billie Jean King was the only American woman to have much professional athletic success. We have some strong notions about ideal female winners, even though most great women athletes have been very hard of mind and body. Reporters used to ask Mildred (Babe) Zaharias about her favorite recipes. They continue to force teddy bears on guilty teen-age swimmers and are delighted to see lace on the underwear of tennis players. In general, we do our best to mold women athletes into females frivolous. Billie Jean has already badly compromised this image by publicly advocating abortion on the basis of personal experience. When she won the U.S. Open Championship at Forest Hills, she did not simmer but gave a strong women's-rights speech, saying she was not going to defend her title

continued

again unless given a chance to earn as much money as the men.

Vince Matthews was an Olympic winner, but he was patently impossible; he scratched and chafed while *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played. Dave Wottle, who won the gold in the 800, was not bad, except for that damn hat. Here and there you could find a stray archer or wrestler who seemed to come up to specifications, but even in these low-prestige neighborhoods of the sporting world there were surprises. Dan Gable was the best American wrestler in the Olympics. At first it seemed he would be fine, being a well-set-up, short-haired white boy from Iowa. But at close view he was unsettling. He had a zealot's face, said he worked seven hours a day, 365 days a year, that his whole life had been devoted to wrestling, everything else was incidental. He was all grunt, strain and monomania.

Our idealized image of a sports hero comes from an era when notable, or at least noted, sporting feats were accomplished by members of the small affluent class. While such old-fashioned sportsmen are no longer prominent in games themselves, the old attitudes and traditions are still much admired by the class of men who tend to run things. Long after it had become evident that good athletes did not have to reflect those virtues and values, Big Sport institutions have continued to try to fit their star performers into the archaic traditions and to make others believe that they did indeed fit.

The ridiculousness of all of this should now be apparent. If we want to continue to admire athletic winners (other than ersatz institutional ones), we had better learn to admire the virtues of people like Fischer, Spitz, King and Gable. Sports having been opened to all classes and competition having become so international that it is possible to have true world championships, winners will very probably be increasingly temperamental and personally aggravating. They will tend to be single-minded fanatics and often physiological and psychological freaks. Their personalities will be lopsided. Few will be models of conventional good manners or deportment. As athletic geniuses, High Sport winners will be very different from the rest of us and will not give a fig for our fantasies.

THE BEST EVENT

Jim is a college track coach and tennis partner. He said one late summer morning, "I heard about a 9.7 sprinter nobody has signed. He is going to run at Winchester tonight at an all-comers. I'd like to take a look. You want to go along?"

The college where Jim coaches is small and not affluent. He cannot bid for the 9.4 studs or even the 9.7 ones with a reputation. When the burners have all been bought by the big institutions, Jim begins sifting through the remainders like a housewife at the final day of an August bargain sale. In addition to unknown 9.7s he looks for 9.9s who have performed on bad tracks and had little coaching, for 9.6s who pulled hamstrings in their junior year, have not run since and have been passed over by the big spenders as damaged goods.



"Maybe I could round up a few of the girls," I said. (Yes, another of my buddies is the coach of a girls track team.) "They haven't done any real work since the Nationals and the Olympic Trials, and they are complaining about being bored. They could go down just for the fun of it and it would give us something to do, be a good cover." (Track coaches without entries at a meet are like canoeists without paddles; they always feel conspicuous and foolish.)

What with visiting cousins, vacations and bath-sitting, there were only four girls available on short notice—a pentathlete, two half-milers and a 13-year-old high jumper. So we scooped them up and drove through the soft yellow evening of the Shenandoah Valley to Winchester, Va. The track was rough, the lights feeble, the mosquitoes formidable. The Winchester All-Corners turned out to be the best event, bar none, of the year.

Instead of having to fill out tricky affidavits of eligibility and swear to false performances in the interest of getting into more desirable heats, there was simply a row of event sheets spread out on a long table under the mosquitoes.

"What are we meant to enter?" the girls asked.

"Enter anything you want. School's out."

So they moved along the table, taking an athletic smorgasbord, delightedly entering events they had always thought they might try one day but in more serious situations had been sternly warned against on the grounds that such nonsense might disagree with their track health and prospects.

Jim's sprinter ran 9.9 on the bad track, ran it badly (terrible arms, tight torso), but gave promise that he might be refined into a 9.6 or even 9.5. There were a lot of local school kids, gym-class girls, vacationing college runners and elderly joggers who had no Big Sport prospects or ambitions. Henry, a middle-aged cattleman who is a pole vaulter from East Sowed Log, W. Va., was there. He has built a vaulting pit and runway on the farm, practices in the evenings and shows up at the country meets. In a track shirt, his arms are unusual—bicolored with a farmer's tan and knotted with a farmer's muscles, haymaking muscles on top of vaulter's muscles. He uses an old steel pole and with brute force manages to jump 13'. He pursues his dream of 15' passionately.

There also were a few acquaintances last seen trying and failing to make the plane to Munich. Now the pressure was gone, the agony eased, and what was left was the addiction to the sport. It was possible, as it was not earlier in the season, for strategic, political and competitive reasons, to sprawl out on the wooden benches very pleas-

antly, drink Cokes, slap mosquitoes, talk shop and gossip about the grim summer track events in Eugene, Ore., Canton, Ohio and Frederick, like veterans who have been through the same battle but on different sides.

Big Glenda was there, all 280 pounds of her. She is a phenomenon, a huge, mountainous, exuberant, gross white girl, who for mysterious reasons and in mysterious ways has gathered together from the heart of the District of Columbia a bunch of very strong, fast black dudes, the D.C. Striders. Big Glenda rubs down these tough boys like a trainer, swats them around, eats them out like a sergeant and mothers them like a hen. She begs money for them and gets them scholarships. They love it and she loves it. "There is no mystery about the D.C. Striders," says Big Glenda. "We've done it all with love."

One of the smorgasbord specials the girls selected was the 880 relay, though there was not a sprinter among the four of them.

"What order should we run?"

"Why don't you let Carol anchor?"

The advice was given to underscore that this was not a school night; it was for funnies. Carol, for her age, is a national-class high jumper but she is very slow. So for her to run anchor was kind of a prank, which is appropriate since it seemed the race would be a laughter. The first three may not be sprinters but they are in a sense track professionals, having given five or six years of their lives, 11 months a year, to the sport. They know how to unbend a curve, how to handle a stick. Then, too, a well-trained half-miler figures to turn in a better leg than a gym-class sprinter. The girls gave Carol a 50-yard lead with 220 to go.

"It may not be enough," said Jim worriedly. "That anchor on the red team won the 100. She's not that quick but she is a lot quicker than Carol."

Things turned serious, and the prank began to look like a disaster. Carol was not quick. Also, she was a 13-year-old with a very fragile ego.

"If that red one runs Carol down off the curve we are going to need a psychiatrist or at least a lot of tranquilizers for the ride home," I said.

The D.C. Striders saw what was happening, so everyone went down on the curve, and between us, Big Glenda and the blacks, there was enough lung power to push Carol to the finish a half stride ahead of the red anchor.

While walking out holding the big gaudy trophies, bathed in that lovely warmth feeling that comes from winning a close one, whether it is in Frederick, Reykjavik or Munich, the truth was admitted. "Carol, that was a hammer putting you on the anchor, hoery. We didn't think that red bitch was so quick. If she had caught you, you would have cut your throat."

In these matters at least, Carol, young as she is, knows a lot about herself. "I know I would have, but if I hadn't run anchor I wouldn't feel as great as I do now."

CATEGORIES

Not only do the categories of sport exist, they have increasing meaning if we are to understand anything about sport and ourselves today. High Sport is the creation of

In Munich, Jim Ryan fell short in Oakland, the A's won by a hair, baseball learned what the word strike meant; Wayne Culbert and Vince Matthews chatted through the music, Bobby chatted Boris

rainbow

geniuses, the exceptionally talented and passionate. It is the sport of Fischer, Spitz, King. It satisfies the same needs as other arts. It provides a medium and method of expression by which the talented can comment on themselves and their world. High Sport artists also serve their audiences by stimulating them to consider the nature of man and the world.

True Sport is a Winchester All-Corners meet. It stands to High Sport as a craft does to an art. It is a dignified, honest activity, perhaps of more general social value than High Sport since it involves many more than the few who can practice High Sport. It satisfies the human need for play. Also, as any craft does, it provides an outlet of expression for those who are not high artists, for those with insufficient ability or perhaps dedication. In the same way, it gives pleasure to small audiences, people who have either participated in or studied the sport and have some critical appreciation of it.

Big Sport is a corrupted, institutionalized version of True Sport, which often attempts to pass itself off as High Sport. It stands to High Sport and True Sport as a molded plastic angel does to sculpture and pottery. Occasionally there will be moments of High Sport or True Sport within the framework of Big Sport (as, for example, Spitz swimming in the Olympics, Gable wrestling there, Cham-

berlain winning the last playoff game for Los Angeles). Usually these are testimonials to individual perseverance and passion, to the ability of individuals to put up with institutional inefficiency and the institutional predilection for consistency and routine. Often High Sport performers are regarded as dangerous by Big Sport institutions, which prefer to deal with stars of their own making rather than self-made artists.

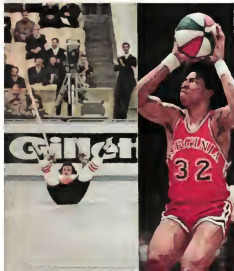
It was Big Sport that was exposed by reality this year. That so many apparent disasters—from the viewpoint of Big Sport institutions—should occur in such a relatively short space of time is not entirely coincidental. Many of the current crop of Big Sports are of much the same age and stage of development because the means and motives for easy, profitable institutionalizing of sport (improved communications, increased leisure and affluence) became available at about the same time. In the past 10 to 15 years these sports have flourished and spread across the land. Thus it is not surprising that corruption and decadence should become simultaneously evident. (The number of Big Sports we have nowadays is exceptional, but Big Sport itself is not a uniquely modern phenomenon. Falconry, jousting, gladiatorial combat and the ancient Olympics are but a few examples of sports institutionalized in past centuries and corrupted by the process.)

From a historical viewpoint, the future of most current Big Sport institutions seems dim and limited. Given the tenacity with which all institutions seek to preserve themselves and the considerable resources of many of our institutions, the NFL, NHL, NA, AL, NBA and the like may linger for some time. As they struggle to maintain themselves, it seems probable that they will be decreasingly concerned with sport and become increasingly show-biz operations, as professional wrestling, for example, already has.

Even if one feels strongly that the social landscape is cluttered with a lot of wasteful Big Sport institutions (which is how Senator Mike Mansfield says he feels about the Olympics and which is how some of Colorado's citizens felt in vetoing the '76 Games), it is not the sort of problem about which anything need be done. There is no urgent call to cancel checks to the Olympic Fund, organize a boycott of the World Series, strike against the NFL's TV sponsors. These things will take care of themselves; that is, the absurdities, greed and lethargy of the institutions will take care of them. After another few seasons such as were held in Munich, few people will care whether we send athletes to take part in these displays of politics, and few athletes will want to go.

When our present Big Sport institutions finally wither and collapse it will not seriously inconvenience any but the institutional cadres. Since even now they serve little purpose other than perpetuating themselves, these institutions will not be greatly missed. On the other hand, True Sport, which has always been needed, seems to be in as good or better shape than ever. Because True Sport is necessary and is useful, it would appear to have about the same survival prospects as those of man himself. **END**

In Moscow, Phil Esposito did his bit in an upsetting situation; as Virginia, Julius Erving said so long, but was squired back again.



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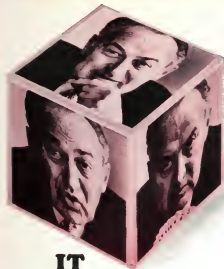
(Some of the fine Mustang options shown on the Mach 1 above are automatic transmission, air conditioning, power front disc brakes, AM radio, white sidewall tires with wheel covers or forged aluminum wheels with raised white letter tires, and sports interior with console and tach. A sport engine box would be steel belted radial ply tires. Tests show that steel belted radials can give average drivers 40,000 miles of tread wear under normal driving conditions.)

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GOREN'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ



IT TAKES A LITTLE FINESSE

Most players think of a finesse as a lead toward a high card that is accompanied by a lower one, say an ace and a queen, in the hopes that the lower one will win the trick. The artifice is not quite that simple. Any attempt to win a trick with a card lower than the highest one outstanding is a finesse, and there are a dozen different kinds. Many deals offer a choice of finesses to take—and in some cases none should be taken at all. In this year's quiz, the decisions are yours. On each hand you are South. Making an overtrick or risking an extra undertrick is not a vital consideration; your aim is merely to find the best chance to make your contract. Decide in what order you will make your plays and exactly which card you will play to each trick. There are occasional bonus awards for careful plays that enhance your chances, and I have assessed demerit points for plays that might imperil them unnecessarily. Finessing is a tricky business. If you score 75 points or less, you had better devise new stratagems. Earn 76 to 99 and you are sure to come out ahead. Total 100 or more and you win my congratulations. You will have helped to disprove the old saw that "one peek is worth two finesses."

NORTH



1

SOUTH



Contract: 4 ♠. West leads the diamond ace and continues with another diamond. How should you proceed?

NORTH



5

SOUTH



Contract: 4 ♠. West leads the queen of diamonds and continues with the king, which is overtaken by East's king. East cashes the diamond ace and returns the club 10. What is your plan?

NORTH



9

SOUTH



Contract: 6 ♠. West leads the jack of clubs. How should you play for the slam?

<p>2</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 2 ♠ 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>	<p>3</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 3 ♠ 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>	<p>4</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 4 NT 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>
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<p>10</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 10 ♠ 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>	<p>11</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 11 NT 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>	<p>12</p> <p>NORTH</p> <p>SOUTH</p> <p>Contract 12 ♠ 4-10 South is 4, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. East has 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, A, K, Q. Can you guess the suit?</p>

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THE ANSWERS

1 *Ruff, cash the heart king and lead a second heart. If East follows, finesse for the queen; if East shows out, take the ace and play spades—10. Ruff, cash the heart king, lead another heart and, if East follows, take the ace and play spades—4.*

With nine trumps it is mathematically correct to try to drop the queen. However, a safety finesse on this deal ensures that East cannot win a trump trick and lead through your king of clubs. (This could be fatal if East had fewer than three spades and West held the ace of clubs. East could ruff a spade and lead a club in time to collect at least two club tricks.) Even if the heart finesse fails and West wins with the queen, your king of clubs is safe; you will lose at most three tricks—unless West holds all four trumps. Give yourself a two-point bonus if you elected to ruff West's second diamond lead with the jack or 10; if East holds all four trumps, the lead will otherwise be stuck in dummy after three rounds of hearts and you will be unable to draw East's queen. Take no credit at all if you went up with the heart ace and ruffed a diamond before playing spades; this would endanger your contract should West hold three hearts and fewer than three spades. Score a one-point demerit if you let the second diamond lead ride around to your queen-jack and thereby increased the danger of a club lead through your king.

2 *Cash one top heart, then go to dummy and finesse—10. Take an immediate trump finesse—6. Cash two top hearts—2.*

You have nothing to lose by guarding against the chance that West holds the singleton queen before you take the heart finesse. Cash two top hearts without finessing is against the odds, but it earns a top since it wins against a doubleton queen in the West hand, as will happen every now and then.

3 *Take the diamond ace, cash the ace and king of spades, then run hearts—10. Win the diamond ace, then take the spade finesse—5. Take the diamond finesse; if it loses, take the spade finesse later—2.*

You can afford to lose one spade and two clubs. To avoid losing a diamond trick as well, your best plan is to refuse both the diamond and the spade finesse. Even if the queen of spades does not drop, the chances are you will be able to discard your diamond loser on a good heart before a defender can ruff and cash a diamond trick. Taking only one finesse (in spades) is obviously better than risking two. The danger in taking either finesse is that if you lose

the lead too soon, a club shift may cost you a third-round club ruff.

4 *Duck the first diamond completely—10. Finesse the 10 of diamonds—6. Play to drop the jack of diamonds—2.*

Thanks to the heart opening, you have four tricks outside of diamonds and you need only five diamond tricks. Finessing the 10 of diamonds is better than playing for a 3-2 split (or a singleton jack), since it guards against any 4-1 break and may bring in the entire suit. But you have an absolutely sure play by ducking the trick completely—if West has all five missing diamonds, you will still be able to win five tricks by finessing the 10 on the second lead of the suit, whereas if you finesse the 10 at once, you can bring home only four. My generous two-point award for the play for the drop is in grudging recognition of the fact that most of the time superior skill will not be necessary on a hand like this one.

5 *Win the club ace, lead to a high heart and take a spade finesse—10. Win the club ace, cash one high spade, play hearts, discarding the club queen, then take the spade finesse—5. Proceed as above but without cashing a high spade first—1.*

The situation is different from that in Question 2. Here, you have only two trumps in dummy, and if you cash a top trump first, guarding against a singleton queen in the West hand, you will be unable to take a second finesse and pick up four to the queen in the East hand—a holding that is far more likely (the odds are about 4 to 1) than West's having the lone queen. To succeed against this distribution, you must leave a second entry to dummy, hence cashing all of the hearts in order to take an immediate discard receives credit only because it may not be necessary to finesse twice in the trump suit. Finally, one spade finesse is better than trying to drop a doubleton queen; thus the one-point award.

6 *After taking the club ace, lead the heart 10 and let it run unless covered. If it loses, cash a high heart to see if it is necessary to repeat the finesse—10. Cash the heart ace (or king), then go to dummy with a spade and run the heart 10 if it is not covered—8. Cash a top heart but then lead a low heart to the second round of trumps—7. Cash the top hearts, then run diamonds—2.*

The only real danger is that trumps may not split. The top-rated play preserves chances to stake the contract against East's having all five of the missing hearts. The second choice guards against his holding four to the queen-jack. The third plan gets a slightly reduced award because although it

succeeds as far as the trump suit is concerned, it needlessly increases the risk of a diamond ruff. As for the fourth award, cashing two top hearts is superior to taking two heart finessses or attempting to ruff clubs at once.

7 *Win the ace of hearts, draw trumps, ruff your third diamond, then lead the 8 of hearts—10. Take the heart finesse at the first trick; if it loses, finesse against West for the queen of clubs—2.*

Overtricks are not important, so by refusing the heart finesse and playing as first described, you will make the contract against every possible distribution. Whoever eventually wins the second heart trick with the king will have to lead clubs or give you a ruff and discard. Taking two finessses is worth far less than playing the sure thing, but I am awarding two points because the heart finesse might win, and because I have arbitrarily given West the queen of clubs and you guessed right.

8 *After winning the heart ace, cash the king and ace of diamonds, then finesse in spades; if necessary—10. Cash the ace and king of spades; then if necessary cash the diamond king and finesse the diamond 9—6. Cash the diamond king, then finesse against East for the diamond queen—1.*

On the face of it, making your contract depends upon guessing which finesse will succeed. But you can give yourself an extra chance by trying to drop a queen in one suit before committing yourself to a finesse in the other. With eight cards in diamonds and only seven in spades, there is a much better chance of dropping the doubleton queen of diamonds. The final one-point award is for taking the diamond finesse the proper way—by first cashing the king to perhaps drop a singleton queen in West's hand without losing the chance to pick up four to the queen in East's hand.

9 *After winning the club queen, lead to your spade ace, then return to dummy for a second spade lead—10. Take a deep finesse against the spade jack on your first trump lead—6. Take a simple finesse against the king on your first spade lead—3.*

You don't mind giving up one trump trick if it will enable you to avoid losing two. Cashing the ace of spades, then leading the next spade from dummy eliminates guesses and wins against all the combinations you can cope with: at the same time it also eliminates the danger of a club ruff. Add a bonus of one point if, after cashing the ace of spades, you went to dummy by ruffing a good diamond—your safest play to avoid any possibility of a ruff.

10 Plus the women themselves, who have made some handsome donations over the years. In 1976, for example, 100 women gave \$100,000 to the American Cancer Society. In 1980, more than 100 women gave \$100,000 to the same cause.

Continuing to be a successful donor, the American Cancer Society has had a lot of success in the past few years. It has been able to raise more than \$100 million in the past few years, and it has been able to raise more than \$100 million in the past few years. It has been able to raise more than \$100 million in the past few years, and it has been able to raise more than \$100 million in the past few years.

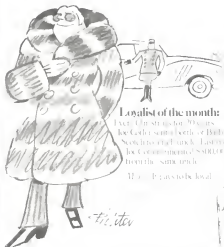
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END



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Odyssey of an

COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS BOSTON



Angler

To Winslow Homer, fishing was an art, and he was a master of it. He could cast a fly with a stroke as delicate as any in his paintings and relished the fight of trout or pike. An obscure body of work reflects a lifetime's search for sport
by Frank Sleeper and Robert Cantwell



CONTINUED

A month after he suffered a stroke, the old man shot a bear. Usually he used a gun only on the woodchucks that molested his vegetable garden; he plugged them between the eyes. But this occasion was different. It meant he still had good sight and a steady hand. He made a sketch of the bear being carried out of the woods—more reassurance he could still sketch. Two days later he went fishing. Ordinarily he did not record his catches, but this time, on the register of the North Woods Club in the Adirondacks, he noted a five-pound pike caught in a pond, and signed his name—Winslow Homer.

At 72, Homer was a short, bald, quizzical-appearing gentleman, often dressed in expensive but rumpled clothing, a long hair tie loosely knotted around an old-fashioned collar such as elegants wore. A drooping moustache, heavy eyebrows, and animal cross-hair around his eyes gave him the appearance of a successfully retired confidence man. He could handle a cane adeptly. He could sail (but did not like to) and until he was 66 he regularly made his way each summer to a wilderness cabin he had built on the headwaters of the Toulon River in Canada, a canoe-and-trail trip that exhausted men half his years. He could use an ax for chopping wood or hewing timbers for a cabin. He was an excellent cook, the camp cook on fishing expeditions—nobody knows how many, but probably hundreds—spent over half a century.

But above all Winslow Homer loved to fish. The man who is ranked with Thomas Eakins as one of the two great American painters left proof of his love of the sport in drawings, oils, and especially in watercolors, works such as *Leaping Trout*, in which the colors of the fish and of the lily pads gleam like gems, or the silent, windless world evoked by his magnificent *Trout Fishing, Lake St. John*, with a dark, troubled shore, a canoe highlighted above smooth, slate-gray water, and only the faint line of the long rolling cast providing a whisper of action.

Homer is better known for another kind of work—his paintings of the ocean, the Maine fishermen in *The Fog Warning* or *The Herring Net*, or the Negro drifting helplessly, menaced by storms and sharks, in *The Gulf Stream*. But along with these Homer left more than 80 sketches and paintings of fishing on streams and lakes, usually the subject was fly casting, an art at which he excelled. If Homer was the best painter of fish and fishermen, he was also the best fisherman among artists.

Not that angling was his only sport. He was one of the first artists, if not the first, to publish a drawing of American football, and he was among the earliest to depict ice skating when that craze (sparked by the sales of imported German skates for 25¢ a pair) swept the country in the 1850s. He pictured harness racing, duck shooting, mountain climbing, deer stalking, croquet, tobogganing, yacht racing and white-water canoeing with an eye seldom equalled for the unstudied action of sport. Besides was Homer's superior in depicting jockeys and racehorses, and Homer's best sports scenes were certainly no better than the finest of Eakins or George Bellows, but he differed from these other masters in the wide range of his sport-

ing interests. His devotion to fishing persisted over decades of changing styles, changing conditions in his own life, changing tastes, changing interests.

Oddly enough, no one has ever written about Winslow Homer the fisherman. There are between 200 and 300 scholarly books and critical articles focusing on various aspects of his life and art, but not one on his fishing. Take Lake Toulon, the subject of some of his finest watercolors. No one had ever journeyed there to do research until this article was conceived.

In view of the trouble getting to Toulon, the lack of scholarly study is understandable. Heading north from New York you cross Connecticut on Route 91 and take a 100-mile detour, twisting and turning to the Canadian border, then drive up the Trans-Canada Highway into Quebec City and there find the right road (if you can) to the paper-mill town of St. Raymond, where you must ask directions, utilizing hand-waving and pidgin French, to a dirt road that you follow for 13 miles to a green barn. There you blow your horn three times. Three sisters, Helen, Coeurina and Wilhelmina Van Pelsen, live in a house across the St. Anne River. Their late uncle, George Van Pelsen, was Homer's friend and fishing guide. When the sisters, all in their 70s, hear the blasts of the horn—and they do not always—they cross the river in a dinghy and ferry pilgrims to the opposite shore. A five-day, 1,750-mile trip, much of it over narrow, potholed roads, was required to get to Homer's Quebec fishing grounds. And that was just the beginning.

Homer admired fish, he liked their colors, the shining silvers and rods, and loved the action they provided, their courage and fighting strength. But there were also to him a staple food. At Prout's Neck, Maine, where he had his studio on some family property, he fished almost daily. He caught flounder, blackfish and runners (*Tautoglabrus adspersus*, hard but good-tasting). Wearing his black bow tie, a clean white shirt and an ordinary wool coat, he carried the tackle a few yards from his studio door and fished from the bank. The kitchen garden that he fiercely protected from woodchucks, contained, along with carnations, heliotropes and wild flowers, the onions, radishes, potatoes and other such vegetables that supplemented his fish dinners. He baked potatoes, scrubbing them until the skins were thin and burying them in the ashes of his fireplace. He was quite a bottle man, spending no less than \$10 a week for liquor, a lot of spirits for a solitary sort, considering that he ordinarily drank rum. Unless he used it to start fires on cold mornings, he must have had astounding drinking powers, for his Maine neighbors, assisted that he was never seen drunk, or even tipsy.

There was not any regular order to Homer's painting, fishing, cooking or for that matter drinking. He sketched on fishing trips, and during the winter at Prout's Neck he worked his sketches into oils or watercolors. He painted until he became hungry, and then carefully prepared almost gourmet meals. Along with unfinished canvases, nets and other props and a hunch-back cat, his studio contained a great deal of fishing tackle

continued



The Shell Heap (Homosassa, Florida).

HOMER

accumulated over half a century. His was not quite a solitary life—relatives lived nearby—but it was altogether independent of art circles. His activities were characterized by a sort of untidy elegance, or elegant untidiness.

Homer began to fish at the age of six in Fresh Pond in Cambridge, Mass., about a mile from Harvard. It was 1842 and his family had moved from Boston to a house on Massachusetts Avenue. Fresh Pond is now surrounded by a municipal park and the manicured grounds of a home for the aged, but then it was a brush-lined pool filled with small bass and perch. Homer and his two brothers used to get up early, dig earthworms in the garden, and hike across the fields, passing on the way the elm tree under which not long before George Washington took command of the Continental Army.

Homer continued to fish as he grew up; he skated and later liked music and dancing and, according to one Boston contemporary, "had the usual number of love affairs." Nobody specified how many were "usual" in Boston, but Homer, during his career, painted a great many seductive girls, all graceful, pensive and modestly inviting. He painted so many, in fact, that Henry James, in an early criticism of Homer's work, deplored his "girls in calico sun-bonnets straddling beneath a cloudless sky upon the national rail fence...suggestive of a dish of rural doughnuts and pie."

At 19 Homer was supposed to start working in a haberdashery. But about this time his father happened to

read a newspaper advertisement: "Boy Wanted, to ap prentice in the shop of John Bufford, lithographer." Homer took that position instead. His hours were from eight to six, six days a week, and he received no salary. Instead, his apprentice fee was \$300 annually.

During these years Winslow fished at dawn in Fresh Pond before lading his rod in the bushes and carrying his catch home for the family breakfast. Then he would take the stage to Boston. His first job for Bufford demanded a degree of professional competence: He was to draw a dozen sheet-music covers—Cresquet Polka, Whirlbarron Polka, Kate Darling, and others of the sort—for Oliver Ditson, a large music publisher. A while later Homer was given the task of depicting the 42 members of the Massachusetts Senate, hardly an assignment to inspire the fervor of a man who liked to paint pretty girls.

These drawings were rush jobs. Bufford had once done his own drawings, but now, with an artist of considerable ability and industry on hand, he limited himself to handing Homer the next order. The composer Gioacchino Rossini was reputed to be so lazy that when he was writing an opera lying in bed and an aria fell to the floor, he wrote another rather than get out of bed to pick up the first. It was otherwise with Homer. One of his fellow apprentices remembered that Homer was kept so busy that when he finished one drawing he dropped it on the floor and started the next, one of the other apprentices retrieving the sketch.

COURTESY AND REPRODUCTION OF CHICAGO ARTISTS' GUILD



The Lone Boat (new North Woods Club, Adirondacks)

During Homer's second year, Bufford magnanimously paid him \$5 a week. He also reduced Homer's apprentice fee to \$300. On Feb. 24, 1857, his 21st birthday, Homer quit, saying he would not be a slave to any man again. After that, he never held a regular job. For the next 15 years he was primarily a magazine illustrator. He resolutely refused to provide material about himself to biographers, but he once remarked that these years were the most interesting in his life. When he left John Bufford's he did not walk far—just down the street to the Ballou building, where he rented a studio. The building was a brand-new, imposing structure constructed with the profits from Ballou's *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*, the first large illustrated weekly in America, whose success transformed journalism. The magazine was the property of Maturin Murray Ballou, son of a famous theologian. He became an editor at 18 to avoid going to Harvard. Subsequently, he was to be a real-estate promoter, hotel builder, world-traveler, charivari, and a founder of *The Boston Globe*.

Ballou welcomed Homer, and by July of that year the magazine was introducing the young artist to its readers with an impressive spread of a traffic tie-up on the corner of Winter, Washington, and Summer streets near the Ballou office. "The local view upon this page," said the caption, "drawn expressly for us by Mr. Winslow Homer of this city...represents one of the busiest and most brilliant spots in all Boston. The most brilliant spot in Boston, in Homer's view, included a pair of frightened

horses driven by an apathetic coachman, a policeman waving his arms ineffectually a few steps down an organ grinder and his monkey, and several fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen waiting to cross the street.

The success of Ballou's *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* had inspired a weekly, not limited to drawing rooms. Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*, published in New York and featuring such subjects as the turf, exploring expeditions, ballroom, prizefights, billiards and murders. The success of this bold venture prompted the Harper Brothers book-publishing firm to start Harper's *Weekly: A Journal of Civilization*. Six weeks after Winslow Homer was featured in Ballou's, his famous double-page spread of football at Harvard appeared in Harper's *Weekly*. Football is not supposed to have begun at Harvard until 1872, but a rough-and-tumble form of the game had long been played there. The annual encounter of the freshmen and sophomores being known as Bloody Monday. The sketches were typical of Homer's hawthorn, mock-hewn work and decidedly inappropriate for Maturin Ballou's genteel magazine. One of them focused on the leader of the sophomores—tall, determined and stern, having removed his coat for the coming struggle (though otherwise fashionably dressed), even to his top hat. Leading a horde of apprehensive freshmen who appear to be doing their best to look penguinous. That was Homer's first contribution to the journal of civilization, which was to keep him busy for the next 17 years.

After six months, Harper's had a circulation of 60,000.

—JAMES

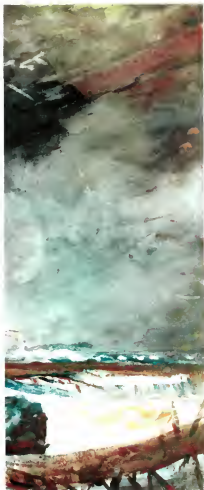


Pike Lake St. John.



Waterfall in the Adirondacks.

Odyssey continued



and was crowding Ballou's out of their way rooms. Both magazines crumpled for Homer's work, but Harpers used the crowd scenes and outdoor sketches that Homer liked, whereas Ballou's idea of a lively picture was "A Boston Wintering-Get, by our artist, Mr. Homer." Most of the Homer drawings in Ballou's were portraits made from photographs, such as the Boston postmaster, the city surveyor or "Mme. LaBorde, the prima donna."

In the fall of 1858 Homer moved to New York and rented a studio near the Harpers' printing plant. Ballou's went out of business three months later. The Jan. 14, 1860 issue of Harpers featured Homer's first picture of his new city: *Skating on the Ladies' Skating-Pond, Central Park*. The crowded ponds were ideal for Homer's talents, animated and humorous scenes, courtly couples gliding sedately past upended beginners—a news picture and social history combined, but still of lasting interest when Homer duplicated his illustration in a beautiful watercolor. This was a pioneering work that inspired innumerable Currier & Ives lithographs.

Now 23, Homer was reserved, amiable and polite. He never talked about art and once said that a painter should not look at pictures, the rarest thing was finding an artist who knew a good thing when he saw it.

The University of New York had fallen on such hard times that rooms in its building on Washington Square were rented for lodgings, and a group of eminent artists who had their studios there invited Homer to join them. The building itself was a Gothic tower of dull-brown marble, resembling a medieval jail, with long dim corridors and steep stairs. Homer's room was on the fourth floor, with a single window looking out over the treetops in the park. It was a gloomy place. The first artist who lived there committed suicide by jumping from the tower. But Homer was rarely depressed, traveling to a dance at West Point, a horse race at Saratoga or the beach at Newport. The technique used by the pictorial journals was wood engraving. The sketch was transferred to a square of linwood. The white spaces were cut away, leaving only the lines of the drawing itself. If in writing a letter you cut away the paper to leave just the letters, the difficulty would be comparable. Professional cutters transferred the artists' pictures to the wood blocks, but Homer's room had a shaving-filled workshop look to it, nonetheless. Around him less occupied artists loomed and gossiped. "One of you boys fill my pipe for me, I'm too busy," he would say.

The Civil War interrupted this life. Homer made three trips to the front for Harpers's, and his first great oil painting, *Prisoners from the Front*, suddenly made him as famous as an artist as he had been as a magazine illustrator. After the war he spent several months in Paris.

The record of Homer's adult fishing begins after his return from France, he spent the summers of 1865 and 1866 in the White Mountains, fishing the headwaters of the Merrimack. He moved next in the fall and winter of 1869 to the newly discovered angling paradise of the Adirondack

continued

Odyssey

decks. In 1864 Thaddeus Norris had published the first comprehensive American work on fly fishing, *Trot Fishing in the Adirondacks*, and Homer went to Keene Valley on the Ausable River, the place that Norris had praised most highly.

From Keene Valley a trail ran up Johns Brook around Mount Marcy, the highest Adirondack peak. The trail was hacked out by a hunter known as Old Mountain Phelps, who became a Homer model in the wilderness scene, *Two Guides*. Next Homer and a fellow artist, John Fitch, went to a farm southwest of Mount Marcy, set in a country of streams and beaver ponds where Winslow would fish on and off for the rest of his life. Elphalet Terry, a friend of Fitch's who had abandoned a career as a landscape painter to become a woodman, had built a cabin here near the village of Minerva. The farm subsequently became known as the North Woods Club, but then it was only a logged-off hilltop clearing, stumps dotting the fields. The journey from New York was long—the night boat to Albany, a train to Saratoga, a 50-mile stagecoach ride to Chestertown on the Schroon River, then a day-long wagon ride over mountain roads.

The first of Homer's fishing pictures to be published was *The Fishing Party* in Appleton's *Journal*, another weekly rival of Harper's. In the autumn of 1868. He was back at the Minerva farm the next summer, the year of his esteemed Adirondack Lake, which depicts a fisherman at a fallen tree outlined against shining water. Some time after this Homer persuaded the wife of the lighthouse keeper at Ten Pound Island in Gloucester Harbor to take him as a boarder, and since the only communication with the mainland was by dory he had all the seclusion he wanted to paint and to fish. He made a major financial sacrifice in so concentrating his work.

Until 1875 Homer continued to contribute occasional pieces to Harper's, such as a sketch when he was summoned for jury duty. The magazine paid him \$60 a page and took all the illustrations he could turn out. But in the early '70s Harper's began to battle the Tweed Ring, which had collected \$200 million in graft. Thomas Nast, with his savage cartoons, soon replaced Homer as the magazine's leading illustrator.

Homer's fishing and harbor watercolors, which he was slowly producing, sold well enough when they were eventually exhibited in Boston, bringing in \$75 to \$125 each, but it was a low-paid business compared to magazine illustrating. For his etching *Fly Fishing*, Saranac Lake he got only \$15.

In Homer's fishing scenes action and tranquility were often fused, as in the portrait of Elphalet Terry that he painted when he returned to the Adirondacks in 1874. A portrait as such was not enough for Homer: he pictured Terry fishing from a boat, his dog beside him. A fish has just struck, and in the instant of arrested action Terry is preparing to play the fish and the dog is staring intently at the water. On the same trip Homer came back with *Waiting for a Bite*, a summer scene of three boys loitering on an uprooted tree, their lives in a weedy pond.

Homer had become a master fly-fisherman although the sport was still almost unknown in the U.S. "He did

not go in for expensive or elaborate tackle," his brother Charles said, "but he usually caught the biggest fish." A contemporary remembered his skill in casting among the lily pads in the backwaters of the Squannacook River in Massachusetts, and his adroitness in playing fish, which he seldom failed to land. He fished in places then unknown, or little known, that later would become famous, such as the region near Hurley in the Catskills. He spent two summers there. The nearby rivers—the Esopus, the Beaver Kill, the Neversink, the Rondout—were to be celebrated 20 years later in the writings of Theodore Gor-



Leaping Trout (Adirondacks).

don. Homer painted only one of the streams, the lesser-known Saw Kill.

In 1883 Homer left New York for good. Various reasons were given for his leaving—an unhappy love affair, too much social life, too much drinking—but he shrugged off such rumors and said it was simply to avoid jury duty. He had been called for one month's service every year since his sketch of jurors appeared in Harper's 14 years before. After he moved to Prout's Neck, he often took great pleasure in calculating that he saved one year of his life in every 12 by being out of New York.

The pattern of his life changed; there were no longer the regular summer trips and winter studio work. He stayed in Trout's Neck through the summer and wintered in Nassau and Cuba. On a southern trip taken for his father's health, Homer found superb bass fishing and fine scenery for watercolors on Florida's St. Johns River. Meanwhile, the Acklandacks had been set aside as the New York Forest Preserve and fishing and hunting clubs proliferated on privately owned tracts surrounded by state-held wilderness. One of these was the North Wood Club of which his brother Charles was among 30



charter members. It was a modest club by the standards of the time, owning only 5,000 acres, including eight ponds. The land was inquired by North Woods for \$30 and a wagon.

On his visits Homer fished steadily for trout and pike, and a fern-bordered spring on the shore of Musk Pond soon became known as Homer's Spring because he used it to chill his liquor. Members of the club were expected to list their catches on the club record, but Homer rarely did. One July day in 1890 he jotted down "killed five trout," and a year later he made an-

other laconic note, "killed seven trout." What prompted those particular liststings is unknown.

In the winter of 1890 he was in Florida, completing his own, luminous, light-suffused St. Johns River landscapes and the familiar Bass Fishing Florida. About that time Homer heard of sportsmen mixing into Quebec, where the big fish were said to be found.

The Tourville Club, largely composed of Canadians, leased 395 square miles, including the east and west branches of the St. Anne River, the Tourville River and all lakes and rivers to which these two were sources. Membership was limited to 50, with an entrance fee of \$500 and annual dues of \$50.

The clubhouse itself was made of spruce logs, with an enormous stone chimney, a sizable living room, and rooms for 20 guests and 40 guides. The club kept 60 canoes and boats on its lakes and streams, put in 40 or 50 miles of new trails each year and kept kennels of spaniels for the fall partridge shooting. The clubhouse stood on the spur of a mountain overlooking the St. Anne and the mountains on the opposite shore. Five- and six-course meals, with coffee on the clubhouse veranda, were served by Mme. Lassard, the steward's wife, a cook whose reputation and recipes reached far beyond the wilderness.

It was too civilized, Warden Homer found after he had joined. There were those American members—Rockefellers, Roosevelts and Saltmuntalls—so after a short time Homer moved on to the extreme limits of the club's enormous property, to Lake Tourville itself where a small lodge had been built. Lodge-building was a major undertaking because all windows, doors, sashes, nails, and furniture had to be hauled over the trail, a job requiring 24 men. Homer made his nest there in the St. Anne, being polioed upon by expert canoeists. The alternative was to walk along trails through the birch forest and then make a portage, a six-mile climb over two mountain ranges. A one-way trip took three days, with one night at Lake Cache and the next at Lake Rond. Because of the steep bluffs above the river, the shadows on the St. Anne came about two hours before sunset and the fishing was good at that time. The Tourville Club property was so large it was possible for a wandering fisherman like Homer to find lakes that were uncharted.

In 1897 he returned to Lake St. John, where George Van Peltos had guided him. To reach it he took a steamer from Quebec 130 miles down the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Saguenay, just opposite the northernmost point of Maine. About a hundred miles up the Saguenay was the town of Chateaufort, near where the Ha Ha River flowed into the Ha Ha Bay in the heavily wooded Laurentian Highlands. Immense dark headlands rose 1,500 feet above the Saguenay itself. This is the landscape which appears in his Thirsty Men in a Canoe, a still-shadowy, half-twilight world of massive bluffs and smooth water, the small figures vital and alive against a background of nature remote, powerful, and yet not inhospitable to mankind. Above Chateaufort the river changed character drastically, dropping in almost continuous falls and rapids from its source on Lake St. John. The lake was in var-

Odyssey continued

tually uninhabited country, and when Homer first visited it he wrote, "This place suits me as if it were made for me by a kind of providence."

There he caught trout and omaniche, a landlocked salmon. His exclaimed *Fishing the Rapids*, Saguenay, is one of half a dozen fine works he painted there; a big, flat-topped rock in midriver, a background of blue-green haze, the violent spray and turbulent white water, blue and orange-flecked in the foreground, the small dark figure of the fisherman on the rock casting downstream. Homer did not paint the fishing line that is barely visible in the air. He took the pointed end of his brush and scratched the curve of the line through the paint.

The river poured from the lake through Grande Décharge and Petite Décharge, scenes that Homer rendered again and again. Entering the First Rapid, Under the Falls, Grand Décharge, Shooting the Rapids, Canoe in the Rapids, Trip to Chicoutimi. He could never tire of the visual paradox of his white-water canoe scenes, the violence and tumult of nature allied with the certainty or concentrated composure of the men in canoes.

In 1903 Homer wintered in Key West and found at Homosassa Springs in Florida what he called the best fishing in America. A village of some 200 population located 80 miles north of Tampa on the Gulf Coast, Homosassa was unchanged since pre-Civil War days, aside from the building of an Inn in 1882. The Crystal River, fed by Homosassa Springs—55 feet deep, 150 feet wide, pouring out six million gallons an hour—always held

fish, some 30 saltwater species making their way nine miles up the river to the spring. Homer rarely wrote letters, but now he enthusiastically sent word to his family of the species he was catching, listing channel bass, trout, black bass and sheepshead. In 1894 he produced two masterpieces there, *Homosassa River* and *The Shell Heap*. He had a notion of a different kind of picture—a watercolor of a fish that he said made him think of "a new \$20 gold piece." The result was *Channel Bass*, a hooked fish shooting through blue water above a bottle-littered bottom.

That year his brother Charles, who had grown wealthy as a chemist for a varnish company, was injured when he wrecked his new *Stanley Steamer*, and Winslow himself was forced to admit that he could not get around as he had in the past. He gave the cabin in Canada to George Van Felson, along with a valued watercolor, *Leaping Trout*. He was 72 years old when one morning early in May 1908 the postmen found him helpless beside his studio in Prout's Neck, unable to move or to speak. But his vitality after this stroke was amazing; in a month he insisted on going alone to the North Woods Club. He took an easier route, by rail to Montreal, and south through the Adirondacks. At the club he recorded, on June 23, that he had shot the bear, and two days later the register shows his return to fishing. Then he made a last visit to the Canadian cabin. Back of his studio in October he fished for smelt, cleaning and salting them and sending them to his sister-in-law with cooking instructions.

COURTESY THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON



Winslow, 1896

Rowing Homeward (St. Johns River, Florida).

In December he went south to Homestead again. Instead of taking his usual trip to the North Woods in the summer of 1900, his extraordinary last great burst of creative work began, as he finished some distinguished paintings, the number *Defendant* and the moose duck-shooting scene, *Bight and Off*. But the following summer he was at his old fishing haunts for the last time before his death on Sept. 29, 1902.

The dates on Homer's paintings are not always in line with when they were painted. In sometimes years passed before he completed canvases in his studio from sketches made long before. There are hidden aspects to his work because of his dislike of notoriety. Homer's refusal to discuss anything with art critics was perhaps caused by a slight of some sort, a long-buried disappointment. "I care nothing for art," he wrote once again. "I do not wish to see my name in print again." He once said that he would rather fish than paint.

He was not a recluse; he had pleasant relationships with his brothers' families and with a few Maine neighbors. He liked to sell the property he owned there—six hotels and 60 cottages were built on the land during his lifetime—because the sales brought in money that he used to live on during periods of concentrated painting that he attended the summer estates, disengaging their company and was at ease only with the natives.

The lack of consistent relations with the art world added to the obscurity of his travels; he had no admiring Boswell to note each fish caught or canvas painted. The wide distribution of his paintings contributed even further to his obscurity. In the Frick Art Reference Library in New York, for instance, you can trace the travels of *Casting the Net*, a watercolor purchased in 1894 by Judge John Lincoln, who willed it to his son, who in turn willed it to his widow. On her death in 1940 it passed to her daughter, Countess of Berkeley, at Berkeley, Calif. Gloucestershire, England. Next the picture was in the possession of her son, Francis Lloyd, a student of St. Paul's School of Concord, N.H., and subsequently was owned by Mrs. Charles Henschel, with the final note in the archives reading "see Ruth Kerr, *New York Social Register*, for 1950, p. 338." As another example there are four Homer works named *Adirondack Lake*, one at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, one at the Fogg Museum at Harvard, one at the University of Washington in Seattle, and a fourth in a private collection. There are two watercolors of *Mink Pond* at the North Woods Club—The Mink Pond at the Fogg, and *Mink Lake*, *Adirondacks* at The Cleveland Museum of Art. There is an *Onionchase Fishing* at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and another by the same name in a private collection. There is *Nothing But Fish*, at the Art Institute of Chicago, *The North Woods* at a gallery in Manchester, N.H., *Fish and Butterflies* at the Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Mass., *Fisherman's Day* at the Freer Gallery in Washington. To see all Homer's fishing works would require travels almost as extensive as those of the painter. A few have been widely reproduced, but not more than a dozen are truly well known.

Adding to the obscurity of Homer's travels is the fact that many of the landmarks of his time are gone. A road now leads into the Tumbler River country, but Homer's cabin, a possible tourist attraction, was burned recently by the provincial government. It was considered a hazard, having fallen into decay, the roof was collapsing, plants grew through the floor, some of the logs were rotten. Soon after its destruction, the original clubhouse of the Tumbler Club nearby was also burned, thereby wiping out a bit more of Winslow Homer's past. The North Woods Club has preserved Terry's cottage where Homer lived, and his studio on Point's Neck is still intact, but the North Woods Club is limited to members and guests, and the Point's Neck studio, informally maintained, has not to be taken over by the state or Federal Government. It is a fragile structure and should be fireproofed at once; a fire on a windy winter night would wipe out the most impressive historical monument to Winslow Homer that is still standing.

Following Homer's footsteps and studying his paintings leaves one wondering at his solitary devotion to his subject, and at his carelessness in preserving the records of work that he must have known was great. Why was he so ill-humored? The artists he had known at the University Tower went on to careers that made them a part of the social life of their time. But Winslow Homer settled indolently in the Maine coast, cooked his own meals, did his own housework, washed his own clothes, and lived as simply as the fishermen who were his neighbors. After he was recognized as one of the greatest American artists, his life remained unchanged. In old age, when his work was beginning to be regarded with awe, Homer continued in the same routine, merely arranging to have someone stop by every day to make sure that he was not dead. The style and subjects of his painting changed, from those unbothered girls that Henry James objected to in his early years to the awesome storms near the end, but fish and fishing remained a constant wherever he was, and whatever else he worked on.

Fishing was his link to the common life, a constant subject with ever changing elements of skill and chance, a practical excuse to be outdoors. It was an end in itself, a world of vivid color, an aspect of nature at the opposite extreme from the winter storms, a side of nature that was delicate, puerile and gleaming with light. The noted Homer critic Philip Baum has observed that many great artists have pictured fishermen and fish, "each capturing some significant detail of aquatic life, but none showing more understanding, observation and skill than Homer." Homer was as sensitive to the nuances of art as the most erudite of his contemporaries, but unlike them he appreciated the values of the common life hidden under its simple exterior. James Foshag, the manager of the North Woods Club, wrote of him: "The hunters and fishermen who populate his pictures were engaged in these activities in order to provide themselves with enough to eat. Their very lives depended on their skill. This Homer understood. He shared their lives. It was a sharing that civilized the country's cultural life." END

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

WEST So the world goes. Cuba abolishes Christmas but nobody, absolutely nobody, abolishes UCLA, winner of its 49th game even with Coach John Wooden hospitalized. The victim this time: California at Santa Barbara 98-67.

Santa Clara came to Salt Lake City, and Santa Clara went away again loaded with presents after beating Providence 97-92 in the final of the Uuh Classic chiefly on Mike Stewart's 33 points. The Trojan Classic was won by Southern Cal, whose Vic (Small Package) Kelly, 5' 6", scored 20 points to put down Purdue 79-71.

Maybe it was because they were playing past their curfew time, but Oral Roberts' Titans fell fast asleep, scored away a 13-point lead and lost to Nevada of Las Vegas 86-80, or maybe it was just Jimmie Baker, who scored 40 points for Vegas.

New Mexico went down to Las Cruces this time to meet New Mexico State, but the outcome was the same, a victory, if only by a point, 68-67. The Lobos won with six points in the last 41 seconds, the final two on Darryl Minniefield's layup. Later, against Abilene Christian, they took 98 shots, hit on 45 and won 101-74.

Brigham Young got 60 points from Kresimir Cosic as it drubbed Oklahoma State 96-69 and fought off Utah State 88-80.

1. UCLA (4-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (3-0)

SOUTH Many Kentuckians felt things would never be the same without Adolph Rupp. Last week, though, lamentations were turned to cheers—with some boos and a ripe grapefruit thrown at the officials—when Rupp's successor, Joe Hall, earned on in the baronial traditions. He shouted, slammed a clipboard to the floor and then ripped off his jacket and stomped on it, hoping to shake up the refs and his Wildcats. He did. Hall got two technical fouls and a rousing comeback from his players, who cut a 26-point deficit against North Carolina down to six points before the Tar Heels put on a spurt to squeak the Wildcats 78-70. Surfed up, Hall's boys went on to win their own invitational tournament, beating Nebraska 85-60 and, with Jim Andrews scoring 33 points, whipping Oregon 95-68.

Tennessee, winner of all six previous Volunteer Classics, this time lost to Missouri 67-57 as the tournament's MVP, John Brown, had 23 points. The Tigers beat the Vols at their own wait-before-you-shoot game, sinking 64% of their shots.

Harry Larrabee, a 5' 10" Texas guard, hit on all eight of his foul tries in the last 3:30 as the Longhorns made up a 10-point gap and stunned Memphis State 80-79. Four other Southern powers—Maryland, Alabama, Vanderbilt and Southwestern Lon-

isiana—won. The Terps stomped on Georgetown 99-73 and the Crimson Tide beat Georgia Tech 89-73. Mississippi used an effective 1-2-2 zone, but finally lost 59-57 to the Commodores, who also stopped Middle Tennessee 69-57. The Ragin' Cajuns had lip with Mercer before outrunning and outgunning the Bears 111-104. They also had trouble cracking McNeese State's slowdown tactics before winning 88-67.

1. MARYLAND (4-0) 2. SM LOUISIANA (6-0)

EAST Upsets abounded, and Princeton, with Ted Manakas on a scoring binge, pulled off two. Manakas had 29 points as the Tigers gave Virginia its first loss, 69-65, and then, in the opening round of the Marshall Memorial tournament, he added 27 more in a 61-59 shocker over Florida State. Marshall, an 82-72 winner over Baylor in the first round, won the tournament by beating the Tigers 78-64. Florida State humbled Baylor in the consolation game 85-67.

Aron Stewart, the country's leading junior college scorer two years ago, played his first game for Richmond, pumping in 26 points as the Spiders came from 13 points back to overhaul Canisius 75-73. The ringleader in LIU's 89-64 surprise win over previously unbeaten West Texas State was Ruben Rodriguez, a 6' 6" Olympian from Puerto Rico who hauled down 21 rebounds and had 31 points. And Wittenberg got 18 points from Pat Beasley to defeat Pitt 63-54. Two other upsets were narrowly avoided when Jacksonville labored past St. Peter's 96-89 in overtime and Penn nipped St. Joseph's 54-53 on a last-second jumper by Ron Haugler.

Having a player named Brown was a big plus for three teams. With James Brown showing the way, Harvard dispatched Boston University 102-92 before coming up a red-faced loser to Massachusetts 74-70. Admittedly, it was Ken Charles' 70 points that sparked Fordham to three wins, boosting its record to 7-0, but Darryl Brown was instrumental, too, scoring 36 points, blocking 27 shots and hauling in 39 rebounds in the Rams' victories over Lafayette 82-70, Columbia 84-66 and CCNY 73-57. And then there was the "ultimate Brown." Phil Brown of Brown, who led the Browns with 31 points as they nipped Yale 70-69 and upset Manhattan 61-54.

1. PENN (4-0) 2. PROVIDENCE (2-1)

MIDWEST Seeking meet 'n' greet in his offense, Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman used three guards against Texas State. That paid off handsomely, the team making 59% of its shots in a 76-62 win. Against Iowa's 6' 9"

from line, Hartman dumped his usual man-to-man defense and used a zone. That worked, too, as the hulking Hawkeyes were outrebounced by State 41-36 and outscored 68-62. Pure shooting by Lon Kruger and Danny Beard, rather than innovative techniques, brought a third win over Washington, 71-64.

Rounding out a superlative week for Big Eight teams was three-time winner Kansas. After sucking Xavier 61-54, the Kansas took their own Jayhawk Classic by downing Texas Tech 67-51 and San Francisco 60-58, the latter on Wilson Barrow's tip-in with 13 seconds to go.

Colorado worked hard to go ahead of Long Beach State by a point and then—poof—the Bears swished nine straight points and lived up to their ratings as they bombed the Buffaloes 93-69.

"Even when you play the Little Sisters of the Poor you can get in trouble—if Mother Superior is a good outside shooter," said Loyola of Chicago Coach George Ireland. The Ramblers' outside shooters—Frank Sonders and John Willey—were superior and they did help overcome a 16-point deficit to tie Minnesota 77-all with 2:39 left, but the Gophers prevailed 87-81.

Fred Schaas' memory helped Purdue defeat Miami of Ohio, trailing 48-39 and with 6' 11" John Garrett benched with four fouls. Schaas recalled the time at West Virginia when he waited too long to put Jerry West back in a game. Thus, with 12:19 remaining, he told Garrett to go to it. He did with a passion, getting 18 quick points, including the winning basket with two seconds left for a 66-65 win.

After watching Butler beat Occidental 78-53, Mel Daniels of the Indiana Pacers could not resist giving some tips to Darryl Mason of the Bulldogs, who had made just nine of 36 shots in four games. "You're shooting too far back over your head," Daniels said. "Shoot out front and follow through." Heeding the advice, Mason sank seven of 11 shots in an 88-82 overtime win against Western Kentucky. The Bulldogs could have used Daniels himself in their next outing, when they were outclassed by Ohio State 88-55.

Responding to a question by the P.A. announcer, fans voted to let Marquette Coach Al McGuire keep his long hair, as well they should. The Warriors clipped Xavier 70-52. Detroit tried four different men on Michigan's Henry Wilmore, all so no avail. The Wolverines won 74-65 and Wilmore had 31 points, Oklahoma City, which earlier had lost at SMU by 23 points, got quick revenge by beating the Mustangs at home 85-77 and then, with Marvin Rich getting 36 points, stopped TCU 100-65.

1. MARQUETTE (4-0) 2. ORAL ROBERTS (4-1)

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STEELERS' YEAR

Sirs:

Finally you came through! *Black and Gold Soul* with *Italian Legs*, Dec. 11? All season I have been waiting for an article on the exciting new Pittsburgh Steelers and their tremendous runner, Franco Harris.

I was also glad to see your recognition of the Pittsburgh fans. During the season these enthusiastic people have definitely aided the Steelers in their seven home games. On a recent Monday night Howard Cosell, Don Meredith and Frank Gifford repeatedly referred to Miami's "great" fans. I couldn't help but laugh. What city wouldn't support a winner? The Steelers have been losers for 40 years but still the people have turned out. These are great fans in every sense of the word.

Miami has gone undefeated in regular-season play because of its weak division, but wait until the AFC championship game. This is the Pittsburgh Steelers' year and there's no stopping them now.

DAVE DUNCAN

Slippery Rock, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank you for the article, Larry Conka, John Brockington, Larry Brown and O. J. Simpson are all great runners, but they're going to have to take a back seat to Franco Harris, the best runner to come along since Jimmy Brown—a fair companion, since he has already tied Brown's record of six 100-yard games in a row. This is truly remarkable considering that he didn't become a regular starter until the sixth game. Also remarkable is his average gain per carry (5.6 yards), the best in the American Conference. Brown averaged 5.2 yards a try. Franco will run away with Rookie-of-the-Year honors, but he also gets my vote for Most Valuable Player. He deserves it.

RICH POTTER

Elwood City, Pa.

Sirs:

Re Ron Reid's comment, "Would you believe the Pittsburgh Steelers in the Super Bowl?" in one word, no!

JAMES H. GREENWOOD

San Francisco

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Franco Harris and the Pittsburgh Steelers very much, but I question your statement calling Harris "The certain Rookie of the Year." I suggest Chester Marcol, the star kicker of the Green Bay Packers. He has made the Packers tick.

RON SCHRAIDER

Teaneck, N.J.

NO TROUBLES

Sirs:

"To put it in a kit bag, all the Packers can do this year is smile, smile, smile" (SI, Sept. 18, page 37).

Now that the Pack has destroyed the Detroit Lions and the Minnesota Vikings to win another division championship, you had better believe we will smile, smile, smile here in Green Bay.

Better luck to your forecasters in the 1973 season!

GARY SPIELHAUER
STEVE SPIELHAUER

Green Bay

continued

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16TH HOLE *continued*

VINCE'S SON

Sirs:

Thank you for mentioning my election to the Minnesota House of Representatives (People, Dec. 4). Your report, however, had me supporting "regional government as opposed to the purely municipal variety." Actually, my position is the reverse, I believe that the government closest to the people is, in most instances, the best.

I have been an avid reader of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since its inception. I appreciate the fine coverage you accorded my father during his time with the Green Bay Packers and Washington Redskins.

VINCENT H. LOMBARDO
Representative-elect

St. Louis Park, Minn.

HIGHEST OF THE BIG TEN

Sirs:

Your article on Big Ten basketball (*Up, Up and Away in the Big Ten*, Dec. 11) was good except for one thing. Must you constantly refer to what happened last Jan. 25 in the game between Ohio State and Minnesota? The only reason the incident is destined to continue to stay with the Gophers is that guys like your Curry Kirkpatrick refuse to let it die.

The Gophers are the best team in college basketball and they can prove it on the court. The Gopher fans are also the best in the world and they can prove it in Williams Arena. If you don't believe it, just come and see.

GREG SHEPHERD

Minneapolis

CJ'S WEEKEND

Sirs:

Bravo and hats off to Don DeLillo for his all-encompassing article about *CJ (Total Loss Weekend*, Nov. 27). He must have been looking into my living room for the past 15 years. However, he left out three elements vital to football viewing: a third TV set (the use of which is too complicated to explain here), a lucky green golf cap to be worn only when a field goal is needed late in the game to beat the points, and the secret for determining which team is going in which direction on which TV set.

Keep up the good work.

THEODORE GOLOSBERG

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I truly hope that nongambling SI readers were able to appreciate *CJ's* total-loss weekend as much as the reading members of the gambling fraternity. Don DeLillo's underlying thesis, also employed frequently by Ernest Hemingway, is that without a negative, positive doesn't exist. One must feel loss at some time in order to savor victory at another.

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75TH HOLE continued

But shouldn't any repulsion, anger or dissatisfaction be directed at the act itself, rather than at its disclosure?

Censorship is a dominant force in our society. I'm not sure we need another dose in your magazine. Please continue to report on the sporting world as it is and, if you wish, how you think it should be. I won't like *everything* you publish, but then I don't think you should I do.

S. R. CROUCH JR.

Memphis

Sirs:

I congratulate you for the article on coon hunting. It was a fine portrayal of a fine sport. May I set those so-called humanitarians straight? If we don't hunt and kill a few raccoons, they will overpopulate and overrun America. If they don't raid the cornfields when they overpopulate, they will starve. If they do raid the cornfields, well, there won't be much corn. Then how will those who think of themselves as humanitarians feed?

In the meantime this sport, while being enjoyed, is keeping the raccoon population down, although a lot of the time, at least in my case, we let the raccoons go after they are tired. So don't knock this fine sport. And by the way, the money people pay for hunting permits is used for the animal's welfare, and I'll bet this doubles the money these self-righteous humanitarians raise.

JOHN CLATTERBUCK JR.

Culpeper, Va.

BUMPED OFF

Sirs:

By now the Baltimore City Council may be regretting its suggestion to place "speed bumps" on its residential streets to reduce speed and prevent drag racing (SCORECARD, Nov. 27). I know of two places where this panacea was tried, and the authorities responsible have yet to live it down. In one, the bumps were finally removed in the face of overwhelming local hostility.

Speed bumps are another case of punishing the majority for the misdeeds of a few. Just try driving over one of them at the usually safe speed of 20 mph. The next time you will find it necessary to stop, put the car into first and ease over the barrier at perhaps three mph. If your house happens to be on a street equipped with speed bumps, you will soon discover shaky mufflers, chipped teeth and hemorrhoids developing. As for cycling enthusiasts, they had better get off their bikes and walk over.

DON LEVERING

West Linn, Ore.

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